

COBBETT'S MAGAZINE.

No. 1.]

FEBRUARY, 1833.

[Vol. I.]

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NOTICES.

Our readers will be pleased to observe, that if our first Number is not so complete in *minor matters*, such as *markets, prices, news of the month, &c.*, it is, nevertheless, our intention to pay attention to these matters in future.

Our correspondents, also, will be pleased to make their communications at as *early* a day in each month as they possibly can, directing to the Publishers.

COBBETT'S MAGAZINE.

No. 1.]

FEBRUARY, 1833.

[Vol. I.

WILL IT BE SUFFERED TO WORK?

"WHEN Earl Grey, in 1792, established the Society of the Friends of the People, for the avowed purpose of bringing men together to declare their opinions on the necessity of a reform of Parliament, I acknowledge that I, at that time, thought that it would be practicable to reform the House of Commons, without departing much from the present form of Borough representation; that we might reform the different classes of Boroughs, according to the different diseases which existed in them; that we might proceed gradually, little by little, *en tatonnant*, ever keeping in mind that maxim of the wise physician, *Vel prodesse, vel non obesse*, as the first object of our attention. I presumed to point out to that Society the class of Burgage-tenement Boroughs; and an Address was voted to the House of Commons, stating the number of members who sat in that House by the nomination of proprietors and patrons. But it was seen, that the correction of this abuse would be injurious to the interests of the leaders of the Faction of the great Whig Families; and all further attempts at Reform of Parliament were abandoned. Had Parliament been reformed at that time, we might possibly have avoided the crusade against French principles."—NICHOLLS'S Recollections and Reflections on Affairs during the Reign of GEORGE III. vol. i. p. 215.

ENGLAND has so long been under the control of factions, Whig and Tory, that if the Reform Bill shall be found to have done no other good, it has, at any rate, split up and exposed these factions. That they have laid this country, as Lord BOLINGBROKE says, "under contribution as an estate of their own," is a fact demonstrated by the public accounts; that this has been the reason of the people's demand for Reform is well known to the commonest observer; and it is also clear that the immediate cause of Reform, that which made it come so quickly as it at last did, was the rash and gross insult offered to the nation by the DUKE of WELLINGTON in his declaration against all Reform in November, 1830.

To blame the Whigs, therefore, for having given Reform, to call it "their Parliamentary Reform," as the *Quarterly Review* does in its last number, is the greatest folly imaginable; they did not give Reform; Reform was taken from them. They neither wished to give it nor meant to give it; but when the DUKE of WELLINGTON went out, nobody could come in and stay in but a man who would give Reform. The Whigs gave

the promise without defining the measure, and, from that time, they were worried, bantered, threatened, till they brought in, as nearly as possible, the measure which was well known to be originally Lord GREY'S, and which Mr. NICHOLLS tells us was abandoned in 1792 out of tenderness to the interests of the "*Faction of the great Whig Families.*" Accordingly, as we have never been able to thank the Whigs for giving us the Bill, we blame the *Quarterly Review* for loading them with its curses on that account. Reform has now come, and we are rather glad than otherwise to confess that it has come much more "from without" than from within; for it teaches a wholesome lesson in the manner of its coming; it has come from without, as the sagacious Lord CHATHAM said it would do if not given in time from within; and the man is ignorant, indeed, who does not know that the Whigs have, in accordance with their *personal interests*, been as forward to deny us Reform as the Tories.

Seeing this, then, the interesting thing now is, what will *they* do with the Bill? Or, what will they suffer to be done under the Bill? It has been asked, "How will it work?" It cannot work at all of *itself*; that is clear. It is a tool, then, to be handled by some one, and therein we have the test of sincerity or falseness of the Whigs. To apostrophise them, "What do you mean, why have ye passed this Bill, what was it for, what to do?"

" ——— cur dextrae jungere dextram
" Non datur, ac veras audire et reddere voces?"

It was wanted as *a means*, and if the Whigs deny us the use of it, it was a gross delusion to give it at all. The people have always, in the clearest and most explicit language, stated that they wanted Reform as the means through which they might be relieved from unjust, partial, and burdensome taxation, and from the oppressions consequent upon it; they have even pointed to the particulars of extravagant uses made of the money obtained from them in taxes; and, therefore, the Whigs were not ignorant of the objects sought by the people through Reform, and it became them to give it to the people recognising the purpose, or to deny it and stand the consequences.

The Whigs have the country in their hands, and they have also an opportunity of keeping it, which, if lost, they will assuredly never have again. No arts, no deep policy, no intrigue, can serve them; for these are only of use when men are indifferent, and, feeling no necessities, take very little interest in the nation's concerns. Now it is a question of measures to be adopted; a whole nation is at the threshold of the Parliament with complaints, and on tip-toe to see what is proposed to be done. *Measures* only will satisfy; those measures must be propounded

quickly, and, to be satisfactory, must be of no "bit-by-bit" description. We have, however, a sufficient suspicion of the Whigs to prevent our anticipating much from them. In the *Edinburgh Review* for October last, the writer exhorts the people to be "patient and reasonable;" to expect all the great measures of improvement to which "they have an undoubted right," but "not to require them *all to be brought forward at once*;" and expresses his conviction that "it is altogether senseless to clamour for more measures than there is time to discuss." All *at once* would be quick, to be sure, and even unreasonable; but we cannot help recollecting with what singular dispatch the Houses of Parliament have sometimes worked when they have had a job to do *against* the people! We remember, that, in 1817, a bill to suspend the second grand charter of our liberties, was *read three times* in one night (contrary to the orders of the House), *besides being discussed*! Time is not wanted for discussing that which the people do not want, but when *they* have a request to make, it requires time for discussion. If the Whigs imitate their predecessors, if they attempt to keep the same system going by the same means, or, to keep it on by craft where by force they could not, it is not difficult to see that the fate of Lord GREY's ministry is already sealed; and what would follow it, who can tell?

A perilous symptom for the Whigs, is, their nestling up under the wings of the Tories, evidently seeking an alliance for the sake of gaining strength. How comes this? They have boasted of their returns to Parliament; have expressed great satisfaction at the elections; and upon what *principle*, therefore, court the opposite Faction? Ah! the Whigs have found out, that, what with Radical members and those who are only waiting the opportunity to declare themselves Radicals, the Economists, the distressed country-gentlemen, the Repealers, and the *pledged members*, it will depend, at least, once a week during the next session of Parliament, either upon these bodies above-named, in conjunction, or upon the Tories, to turn them out; having found this out, and having to seek the protection of one or the other, they have shown already no unequivocal disposition to conciliate the Tories. The first consequence of this when openly seen in the list of majorities, will be indignation that they are not made to withstand; but the Whigs have so long been a contemptible faction, for so many many years they have sitten opposite to the ministerial bench in Parliament, gnawed by the most cruel cravings, and, unable to take it to themselves, have formed a kind of *Lazaroni*, in which the Tories, whenever they have discovered in it talent or capacity that they wanted wherewith to add strength to themselves, have pricked for the apostate with never-failing success, till, at last, they became habituated to confide as little in one another as the nation did in them; the Whigs

have been so long in this condition, that it is not much to be wondered at that they yield to that second nature, their habit, and join the Tories by a kind of instinct of faction.

But how, *then*, will the Bill work? What *then*, will be the state of parties? *Whig and Tory* will be nothing but a compound term of reproach; the people will be as intent as ever looking for the *fruits of the Bill*; many men in parliament will be induced to keep the Whigs still in power, not knowing what would follow if they were turned out. The dread of confusion, more than of the Tories, would then be a momentary safeguard for the Whigs; but such a state could not last long; by common consent, such a government is dissolved. This is the probable end of the Whig ministry if it join the Tories to resist the nation's wishes.

Suppose it not to do so, but to accede, step by step, to the measures that may be proposed to it. Certain it is that it would, in this case, have to yield more than Whigs ever yielded yet, and there are men in the present ministry who have so swaggered as to what they will do, and what shall not be done, that, this yielding cannot take place without some changes in it. It would have great support in Parliament and great power and praises out of it, but still this is much more than we expect to see yet. And, indeed, partial changes of the present Ministry, would with difficulty be effected: its disunion being made manifest, and in such perilous times, those who could give it strength and importance would be cautious how they joined it, and those who could not would avail it nothing.

But there is a sort of intuitive *prevoyance* abroad, that this parliament is to be short-lived: we confess ourselves to have it; and we also confess that it is from the "portals" of the next parliament that we expect to see dispensed the blessings that we are afraid this one will die in denying us. The *Quarterly Review*, p. 545, has some very just forebodings upon this point. After some sad nonsense about the Tories carrying into this parliament some of the "*traditions of the constitution*" (the constitution itself being gone), and which it answers in page 556 by accusing some characters, in some dream or nightmare of its own, of a desire still to "*sap the foundations of our constitution*;" after this, it forbodes that the parliament will be found to be very much tinctured by men either directly *pledged*, or under such declarations of principles as make it tantamount; that moreover, those who are *unshackled*, will, in order to keep their seats, act in a manner as little independent as the others; and that "if such be our apprehension of the *first reformed* parliament, what must it be for the *next* and the *next*, * * * when such members of the *new school* will have had the opportunity, by their talents, or, as is still more likely, by their violence, to bring themselves

“ into public notice, and to acquire such a mischievous popularity as will
“ not only secure their own return, but that of those whom they may
“ recommend to the electors as men of their own destructive principles?”
These are just forebodings, and it depends on the conduct of the ministry
of Lord GREY whether they shall be realized or not. The present parliament
consists, for a great part, of new men; the nation has its eye upon
them, and if they disappoint it, the probability is that the *Quarterly Review*
will see the next parliament constituted precisely according to its
forebodings. Either the most specific pledges will be required, signed
and sealed; or men will be nominated by those in whom the country has
the greatest confidence, who have shown the most wisdom in the parliament,
the greatest share of knowledge of the condition of the country,
and have made the most plausible propositions as a remedy. What is
more natural than that such men should (as has already been the case) be
called upon by electors to name men fitting to be sent by them to parliament?
This is surely legitimate moral influence; and if the present ministry do not
keep itself free from the old trammels of faction, this influence is likely to be
great indeed in future elections. The immense strength of Mr. O’CONNELL in
this parliament has been given to him, almost forced upon him, by the conduct
of the government towards Ireland: *they may* retrace their steps, but that will
not annul his power; and here as well as there, the more the just demands of
the people are met by inhuman, unjust, flippant, and saucy denials, the more
perseverance and determination will be seen in the people, and the greater the
strength acquired by their leaders. The *Quarterly Review* scoffs at the proposed
reforms in the Church, and invokes “our legislators” to “unite manfully and
promptly in resisting these villanous schemes of robbery, and crushing their
authors, if need be, *by force*.” Poor man! ’twas a real nightmare; but he
seems to have waked here, for he goes on more sedately afterwards.

There is no doubt but the Bill would *work well*; the only doubt is, is it
in hands that will *suffer it to work*? And here, the question of most
importance, is, will the Whigs and the Tories club their interests and their
powers openly, now that they can evidently do nothing separately; will they,
who have always been quarrelling hitherto, now be one faction, bury all
animosities for all their sakes, and array themselves thus united against the
people; or, will Lord GREY yield *in time* to what is justly required of him,
make the most stubborn of his colleagues acquiesce or go out, and pacify the
country by assuring it that the Bill is to bear its fruits?

PORTRAITS OF THE SENATE.

NO. I.

A RIGHT HONOURABLE SECRETARY.

Cujus loquacitas habet aliquid argutiarum: nec id tamen ex illa erudita Græcorum copia, sed ex librariolis Latinis: in orationibus autem multas ineptias, elatio summam impudentiam.—ATTICUS.

That is: Whose loquacity has a something of *smartness* about it; which, however, does not result from an emulation of our enlightened ancestors, but is borrowed from the petty pretenders of his own day: whose speeches, full of the *fop*, attain their summit of elevation when they soar to *impudence*.

We despise plagiarism, the act of robbing others of their thoughts. So that, as the present SENATOR could not be properly painted without saying precisely what Atticus has already said of Macrus, we feel ourselves bound to quote. As we are, at the same time, by taste averse to redundancy, and as our portraits are to be but in a "sketchy" style, we shall add no touch of our own in finishing *this* picture, seeing that the three lines of the Roman knight are not only fitting, but quite sufficient for a description of that Right Honourable person, to *name* whom would, we flatter ourselves, be unnecessarily to question the accuracy of our pencil.

LA HUITAINE.

Dimanche, amour vint me surprendre ;
Lundi, j'en demandai le prix ;
Mardi, l'on semblait me comprendre ;
Mercredi, j'obtins un souris ;
Jeudi, l'on fut beaucoup moins tendre ;
Vendredi, l'on eut du mépris ;
Samedi, je voulu me pendre ;
Dimanche je changeai d'avis.

Translation.

A WEEK IN LOVE.

Sunday, Love set my heart a sighing ;
Monday, I sued relief to find ;
Tuesday, the Nymph appear'd complying ;
Wednesday, her smiles were sweetly kind ;
Thursday, my hopes were less highflying ;
Friday, my courtship she declin'd ;
Saturday, I resolv'd on dying ;
Sunday again, I chang'd my mind.

BREVI.

THE "SWINISH MULTITUDE."

Ipsæ ruit, dentesque Britannicus exacuit sus.—VIRGIL.

'Twas a notable quirk
Of that pensioner, BURKE,
In a *figure* the poor to define,
When he haughtily view'd
The "unwash'd" multitude
Of this nation as so many *swine*.

That the High should beat off
All the Low from *the trough*,
Is a question, at least, for all that :
See the herd, how they ramp,
How they bristle and champ—
"Share alike!" grunt the *lean* to the *fat*.

"What a change, lack-a-day!"
I can fancy BURKE say,
Could he now view his fellows the Whigs :
What a change? Yes indeed—
Yet it seems quite agreed
That we must have much more (please the *Pigs*!)

BREVI.

THE MASQUE OF ANARCHY ; a Poem. By PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. With a Preface by LEIGH HUNT. London, Moxon, Bond-street. Fsc. Svo.

" THIS poem," says Mr. LEIGH HUNT, in his preface, " was written by Mr. Shelley on occasion of the bloodshed at Manchester, in the year 1819. I was editor of the *Examiner* at that time, and it was sent to me to be inserted or not in that journal, as I thought fit. I did not insert it, because I thought that the public at large had not become sufficiently discerning to do justice to the sincerity and kind-heartedness of the spirit that walked in this flaming robe of verse. His charity was avowedly more than proportionate to his indignation ; yet I thought that even the suffering part of the people, judging, not unnaturally, from their own feelings, and from the exasperation which suffering produces before it produces knowledge, would believe a hundred-fold in his anger, to what they would in his good intention ; and this made me fear that the common enemy would take advantage of the mistake to do them both a disservice. Mr. Shelley's writings have since aided the general progress of knowledge in bringing about a wiser period ; and an effusion, which would have got him cruelly misrepresented a few years back, will now do unequivocal honour to his memory, and show every body what a most considerate and kind, as well as fervent heart, the cause of the world has lost."

In the business of reviewing the new publications of fancy, it may be considered irregular for a monthly periodical to look three or four months back for an object of notice, especially at a time when so many books are coming from the press every week. But *novelty* is in these matters, as in all others, but a relative term : it depends altogether upon how long a work is likely to live in public recollection, whether you should call it *old* at the end of even an age. Is there some scrap of ricketty verses just dropped from the press, the reviewer may well, though little time is to be lost, stop to think whether his comments should be written as on the *newly born*, or on the *lately dead* ; whether the subject of his encomium (should he incline to praise) may not be damned by its own dulness before he himself can get out to its aid. The work now before us, however, is one which does not suggest that sort of hesitation. If we do stop, it is only for a choice of the words in which our opinion is to be expressed of that which few can read without admiring, and which, when we compare the time it has now been in print, with the period to which it is likely to endure, justifies our regarding it as one of the *newest* of books.

The editor descants at considerable length upon the *general character* of the author. Of the correctness of what he says on that score we are

no judges ; nor need we be for the present purpose, which is not to discuss Mr. Shelley's merits, but merely to give our opinion of that particular production of his, which Mr. LEIGH HUNT has the merit of having presented to the public. Mr. HUNT says that the poem is "highly characteristic of the author." That is saying a great deal ; because this work is, of itself, enough to ensure a *character* to an author. Let us copy a few stanzas, for those who happen not to have seen the poem :—

" What is Freedom? Ye can tell
That which Slavery is too well,
For its very name has grown
To an echo of your own.

" 'Tis to work, and have such pay
As just keeps life from day to day
In your limbs, as in a cell,
For the tyrants' use to dwell :

" So that ye for them are made,
Loom, and plough, and sword, and spade
With or without your own will, bent
To their defence and nourishment.

" 'Tis to see your children weak
With their mothers pine and peak,
When the winter winds are bleak :
They are dying whilst I speak.

" 'Tis to hunger for such diet,
As the rich man in his riot
Casts to the fat dogs that lie
Surfeiting beneath his eye.

" 'Tis to let the Ghost of Gold
Take from toil a thousand-fold,
More than e'er its substance could
In the tyrannies of old :

" Paper coin—that forgery
Of the title deeds, which ye
Hold to something of the worth
Of the inheritance of Earth.

" 'Tis to be a slave in soul,
And to hold no strong controul
Over your own wills, but be
All that others make of ye.

Shelley's Masque of Anarchy.

" And at length when ye complain,
With a murmur weak and vain,
'Tis to see the tyrants' crew
Ride over your wives and you :
Blood is on the grass like dew.

" Then it is to feel revenge,
Fiercely thirsting to exchange
Blood for blood—and wrong for wrong :
DO NOT THUS WHEN YE ARE STRONG.

" Birds find rest in narrow nest,
When weary of the winged quest ;
Beasts find fare in woody lair,
When storm and snow are in the air.

" Asses, swine, have litter spread,
And with fitting food are fed ;
All things have a home but one :
Thou, oh Englishman, hast none ! *

" This is Slavery—savage men,
Or wild beasts within a den,
Would endure not as ye do :
But such ills they never knew.

" What art thou, Freedom ? Oh ! could Slaves
Answer from their living graves—
This demand, tyrants would flee
Like a dream's dim imagery.

" Thou art not, as impostors say,
A shadow soon to pass away,
A superstition, and a name
Echoing from the caves of Fame.

" For the labourer thou art bread,
And a comely table spread,
From his daily labour come,
In a neat and happy home.

" Thou art clothes, and fire, and food
For the trampled multitude :
No—in countries that are free
Such starvation cannot be,
As in England now we see."

Amongst people of any taste at all there are, in the matter of *poetry*, two descriptions, whose taste, though widely different, is equally erro-

* These two stanzas seem to be suggested by Scripture : "*Eagles have nests,*" &c.

neous. The one, who like not poetry at all, saying that, in what they have read of it, they find nothing but folly; the other, incurably wrong, because they prefer what is foolish on account of its being so. "*The Masque of Anarchy*" is just calculated to conciliate the first; for, if it be not, in its strain, so lofty as some other pieces, it is, at the same time, too sober to be called "prose run mad." There is no want of sense in the inspiration, a great deal that is uncommonly sensible, while "the Muse," in this flight, bears not a feather's weight of that *nonsense* with which she is so apt to be encumbered. One of his critics has observed, that "a poem of Shelley's is like a mine, in which, here and there, you discover a jewel." But this cannot be said of "*The Masque*;" for this is *all jewellery*; you may begin by picking, but you must end by finding that nothing can be cast aside. Take the whole of his works as the "mine," and this one you may then pick out as the "jewel." How few dips of the pen; yet how much put on the paper! Here is *genius*; that vigour and originality combined, which discover in a subject long looked upon things never thought of, and cause men to exclaim, with surprise, "*How came we not to see them before?*"; which can make so much out of a little, work wonders out of materials wherein common-place finds not stuff enough to make up a half-witted idea.

An objection has been made to the *sentiment* of this poem; and we encounter that objection the more readily because it is a *radical* one. We have heard it said, that it was unbecoming in such a lover of freedom as Mr. Shelley, to appear satisfied with the *non-resistance* of the people. In answer to which we will only ask, is there anything in the whole poem so much worthy of commendation as this very ground of objection? The poem concludes as follows:—

" And if then the tyrants dare,
Let them ride among you there;
Slash, and stab, and maim, and hew;
What they like, that let them do.

" With folded arms and steady eyes,
And little fear and less surprise,
Look upon them as they stay
Till their rage has died away:

" Then they will return with shame,
To the place from which they came,
And the blood thus shed will speak
In hot blushes on their cheek:

" Every woman in the land
Will point at them as they stand —
They will hardly dare to greet
Their acquaintance in the street :

" And the bold, true warriors,
Who have hugged Danger in wars,
Will turn to those who would be free
Ashamed of such base company :

" And that slaughter to the nation
Shall steam up like inspiration,
Eloquent, oracular,
A volcano heard afar :

" And these words shall then become
Like Oppression's thundered doom,
Ringing through each heart and brain,
Heard again — again — again.

" Rise like lions after slumber
In unvanquishable NUMBER !
Shake your chains to earth, like dew
Which in sleep had fall'n on you :
YE ARE MANY — THEY ARE FEW."

" Here is the noxious sentiment," said an inconsiderate friend of ours. " Here," say we, " is the *wisdom*." Wisdom which, truly, needs no argument to prove it; yet in approving which we are necessarily reminded of later, though less sanguinary events than those of St. Peter's Field (we mean the struggle between the Belgians and the Dutch), and of the insulting jeers upon the former of these nations when defeated, poured forth from the pens and mouths of many who would have been over eager to attach credit to its *success*; " success," says BUTLER,

" Success that owns and justifies all quarrels,
And vindicates deserts of hemp with laurels;
Or, from miscarriage in the bold attempt,
Turns wreathes of laurel back again to hemp!"

Yes; it ever was one of the base traits of cowardice, that, while it fondly clings to the side of those uppermost for self safety, it loves also, as far as it dares, to add its own recreant weight towards keeping down the brave that lie under oppression. The poltroon as instinctively hates the courageous as the courageous despises the poltroon.

One word more to the votaries of Pierien romance, some of whom might feel no interest in a political ballad. It does not, to be sure, contain any of the illusions of *love*. Yet, if cold-blooded *murder* be charm-

ingly romantic (as the good taste of “THE AUTHOR OF PELHAM” has found it to be!), SHELLEY’S “miserabile carmen” has an abundance of *that* in its burden; and we do confess, for ourselves, however unsentimental it may appear, that *we* can find no fault with the song on account of its not bespeaking sympathy for those *amiable offenders* whom the safety of society requires men to regard with unqualified detestation.

†

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

“JOURNAL OF A NATURALIST.” Third Edition; 1830. pp. 432.

London. Murray.

THE reviewing of new publications is a legitimate branch of literature, the object of it being to guard the public against such productions as appear unworthy of attention, and to recommend to the public those that are of a different description; and, in doing this, there is justice done not only to the public, but also to authors; and therefore both parties lie under great obligations to the reviewer, excepting only in cases where any venal or otherwise corrupt motive has biassed him for or against a particular work. It is not only proper but necessary that there should be critics to watch over and examine the literary performances of the day; to guard readers against ignorance and presumption, against quackery, false doctrines, and falsification of facts; and it is the province of a critic to guard the fame of the learned, dead or alive, by detecting and exposing that “pest of science,” the plagiarist, or literary thief, who lives by a species of theft not much less discreditable than that of the cut-purse, stealing here and there the results of laborious thinking and persevering observation, and who is of a fraternity never small and by no means decreasing.

These being, to our minds, the objects of reviewing and the duties of critics, we shall immediately begin a complaint against the first of our reviews (the *Quarterly*), on account of its conduct with respect to the work called the “*Journal of a Naturalist*,” which it reviewed, quoted, praised, and earnestly recommended to the public, in its number for April, 1829, page 406. The reviewer joins the “*Naturalist*” in these words, that “many years have passed away since the publication of Mr. WHITE’S amusing book” (History of Selborne), “without its being followed up by any other bearing the *least resemblance to it*; and although the meditations “of separate naturalists in fields, in wilds, in woods, may yield a

“ similarity of ideas, yet the different aspects under which the same things are viewed and characters considered, afford infinite variety of description and narratives ;” and then the reviewer, for himself, says “ This is unquestionably true ; and we can assure him ” (the “ Naturalist ”), “ that a close perusal of the two productions has satisfied us that they do not in the least interfere with each other.” He then winds up thus : “ In short, it is a book that ought to find its way into every rural drawing-room in the kingdom,” &c. And at the end of the notice, p. 431, he says : “ We again most strongly recommend this little unpretending volume to the attention of every lover of nature, and more particularly to our country readers.” After which panegyric, who would not think that in this “ little unpretending volume ” he was to find almost a rival of the admirable, amusing, and instructive, as well as authoritative, work, the *History of Selborne*, by Mr. WHITE ? We confess ourselves to have been amongst the dupes of the *Quarterly Review* in this instance, and if we can prevent others from sharing our fate, by pointing out to them the spuriousness of this volume, and pointing their attention to the plunderings therein committed upon White and others, we shall be satisfied that we are exercising the proper functions of reviewers.

Our first disappointment on opening this book was, that it is anonymous. In all such works, it is something to know that you are reading the production of a responsible man ; it is satisfactory to know that he is a man accredited for proficiency in the science he is treating of, but, at the least, we should know that he is living where he pretends to live, doing what he pretends to do, is to be pointed out or pointed at if found to be deceiving, and that therefore he is the more likely to be cautious as to what he puts forth. Besides, fiction is so much the taste of the day, that it is difficult now to find a romance that is not partly historical, or a history that does not savour strongly of the romantic ; so that one has, after all, to search back almost into black letter for any plain narrative of circumstances that can be relied upon. This has grown so much upon us, Paternoster-row teems so with it, that we felt no small indignation upon seeing this first and pretty clear indication that natural history is beginning to share the fate of all history, to be made the groundwork for romances to entertain the idle.

A glance over the work tended to verify our suspicions, for here we found that this “ Journal ” is no journal at all. Not one date from the first page to page 232, where the first occurs, namely, “ June 14th,” and now even we are not favoured with the year ; but in page 256, we have, “ April 28th, 1829 ; ” and in page 283, “ This spring, 1827.” In page 363, “ June and July, 1825 ; ” in page 376, “ 1827,” no month named ; and in page 425, “ Now I have run over my diary,” &c. The arrange-

ment of the work prevents its being a “*Journal*,” for it is arranged in divisions perfectly natural, such as, general observations on the face of the country, its products, then quadrupeds, then birds, and so on; and these subjects are also subdivided in a manner proper enough, perhaps, to an essay, but incompatible with a “*Journal*,” where the observations of the day would be as various as the subjects of those observations, and being noted as they occurred, would not fall in any regular order. We have not given *all* the dates that occur in this book, but they are so few that to call it a *Journal* is to give the book a *wrong name* to begin with, a thing that a *naturalist* ought to avoid.

The matter, however, is the important consideration, and if we had no ground of quarrel on that score, we should not be inclined to carp at a slight discrepancy, such as the arrangement of the book; but on our first reading of it, we felt not mere displeasure and impatience, but indignation, at having had thus imposed upon us a ragged dislocated hash of WHITE principally, but of others in train, sometimes taken almost word for word, sometimes distorted and exaggerated, and in many instances so adapted to the arrangement of this book, that to retrieve the pieces is difficult, and yet to forget that you have read them before, or the *foundation for them*, is quite impossible. The further we went on, the more it verified our first suspicions, and the more it answered to our fears—a rank fiction *founded upon truth*! And when we had read the “little unpretending volume” to the end, though we had taken it up with great prejudices in its favour, the impression upon us was, not to give credit to one assertion or narrative contained in it excepting the many which we recognise as the observations of MR. WHITE, MR. PENNANT, DR. RAY, DR. DERHAM, and others who have gone before. It is, to say the least of it, the most *suspicious* book that we ever read; it abounds in assertions which alone would rouse suspicion, and we shall now quote a narrative (undoubtedly original) sufficiently astounding to put the most credulous reader on his guard. Strictly speaking, it has no reference to the author’s subject; it is not so much a point of Natural History as of rural and political economy, but, as the “*Naturalist*” has chosen to consider it in his own peculiar vocation, we have no objection; we only see in that circumstance a paramount necessity for scrupulous exactness. Page 16, from which we take this passage, is headed with these words: “A WORTHY PEASANT,” and we now beg the reader’s attention to it:—

“I may, perhaps, be pardoned in relating here the good conduct of a *villager*,
“deserving more approbation than my simple record will bestow; and it affords
“an eminent example of what may be accomplished by industry and economy,
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"similarity of ideas, yet the different aspects under which the same things are viewed and characters considered, afford infinite variety of description and narratives;" and then the reviewer, for himself, says "This is unquestionably true; and we can assure him" (the "Naturalist"), "that a close perusal of the two productions has satisfied us that they do not in the least interfere with each other." He then winds up thus: "In short, it is a book that ought to find its way into every rural drawing-room in the kingdom," &c. And at the end of the notice, p. 431, he says: "We again most strongly recommend this little unpretending volume to the attention of every lover of nature, and more particularly to our country readers." After which panegyric, who would not think that in this "little unpretending volume" he was to find almost a rival of the admirable, amusing, and instructive, as well as authoritative, work, the *History of Selborne*, by Mr. WHITE? We confess ourselves to have been amongst the dupes of the *Quarterly Review* in this instance, and if we can prevent others from sharing our fate, by pointing out to them the spuriousness of this volume, and pointing their attention to the plunderings therein committed upon White and others, we shall be satisfied that we are exercising the proper functions of reviewers.

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“ *of poverty*, possessing, it is true, a cottage of his own, with a very small garden; but his constitution being delicate, and health precarious, so that he was not a *profitable labourer*, the farmers were unwilling to employ him. In this condition he came into my service: his wife at that time having a young child, contributed very little to the general maintenance of the family: his wages were ten shillings per week, dieting himself, and with little besides that could be considered as profitable. We soon perceived that the clothing of the family became more neat and improved; *certain gradations of bodily health appeared*; the cottage was white-washed, and enclosed with a rough wall and gate; the rose and the corchorus began to blossom about it; *the pig became two*; and a few sheep, marked A. B., were running about the lanes: then his wife had a little cow, which it was hoped *his honour* would let eat some of the rough grass in the upper field; but this was not entirely given: this cow in the spring was joined by a better; but finding such cattle *difficult to maintain through the winter*, they were disposed of, and the sheep *augmented*. After about six years service, my honest, quiet, sober labourer died, leaving a wife and two small children surviving: a third had recently died. We found him possessed of some money, though *I know not the amount*; *two fine hogs*, and a flock of *forty-nine good sheep, many far advanced in lamb*; and all this stock was acquired solely with the regular wages of *ten shillings a week*, in conjunction with the *simple aids* of rigid sobriety and economy, without a murmur, a complaint, or a grievance!”

The vicious propensity to propagate the inhuman falsehoods, that the English labouring people are now as “well off as ever,” or, as they “need to be,” and, that “high wages do them no good,” are vices peculiar to those who call themselves of the “higher orders;” but these falsehoods have hitherto proceeded generally from the unthinking, the uninformed, the rapacious, or the corrupt; in this “little unpretending volume” we find the subject mooted in the notes of the Naturalist. We do not quarrel with him for having introduced the subject, but when the “Naturalist” undertakes to examine and decide, he ought to do it without the slightest bias; his conclusions ought to be the result of the most dispassionate observation, given to us well authenticated in impartial specific instances. We ought to have all the circumstances laid before us, that we may scrutinize the facts ourselves; that we may judge whether or not (as in this instance) a man with such and such a family can live and prosper upon a certain sum of money a-week. It was no unimportant matter that our “Naturalist” took in hand when he dipped his fingers in ink to give us the account of “a worthy peasant;” it was settling a most interesting question, not merely of Natural History, but of Rural and Political Economy too, to ascertain that, in England, a labouring man, with a wife and three children, could, upon ten shillings a week, live well, dress well, and, at the end of six years, die possessed of a small fortune! It is so interesting to know that this is so, it concerns us all so much, it would

lead to such important results, that every circumstance of this matter is important.

But, now, look, reader, at the *manner* of telling this interesting narrative: read it again, and observe the *manner* of it. In the first place, the “worthy peasant” is introduced to us as A. B. What! was *he* squeamish of publicity? must he be anonymous, too? Why, such a man deserves to be immortalized; for, he either did what no other man could do, and therefore deserves everlasting praises, or he did that which others could do if they followed his example, and therefore an example he ought to be made. He should have been named, together with the place where he led his exemplary life; for we should have been left in no doubt as to the reality of this important string of facts, given us by a sober, plodding, observing “Naturalist.” Alas! how different is the case! He runs on, in a flip-pant novel-like style, to show us how “high wages are not always essential or solely contributive to the welfare of the labourer,” for that A. B., *possessing a small cottage in a village*, had delicate health, and was therefore not a “profitable labourer,” and therefore not much employed by farmers, that he had a wife and two small children, and that, in this condition, the “Naturalist” gave him ten shillings a week; that his family became quickly *better clothed*, and A. B. himself *became more healthy*, had his cottage white-washed, and built a wall round it, and even had a gateway into his premises, and moreover that he had a flower-border about his cottage; leaving us, of course, to suppose that, as he had the ornamental garden, he now had the kitchen garden likewise. Well, if he went no further, here we have from our author convincing proof in poetic words that A. B. was much better off when he had ten shillings a week than he was when he had a lesser sum. That he has settled, at any rate; for the “improved clothing,” the “certain gradations of bodily health,” the “white-washed” cottage, the “rough-wall and gate,” and the “rose and the corchorus,” all came in consequence of the raising of A. B.’s wages. But even here, there are the appearances of a story fashioned for the occasion. Here is a man so much in want of a little higher wages that his health is precarious, yet *owning* a cottage which he does not sell, and which, till the rise of his wages, he cannot afford to enclose! This cottage is in a village, too, for A. B. is *a villager*: a cottage in a village, with a small garden, and hitherto unenclosed, but now enclosed by a rough wall, having a gate of entrance. But, this is *possible*.

“The pig became two:” hollo! *the pig*, what pig? We had heard of no pig before. Come, come, “Naturalist,” this is no *man* that you have here; or, at least, no Englishman, that pines to death with a cottage over his head that he does not sell, and, what it is that pines to death, with a pig in his sty, that he does not *eat* it really does require a

“*Naturalist*” to find out and tell! Yet, exaggeration as this is, here is the point where our “*Naturalist*” seems to have cast off all shame, and Munchausen himself scarcely surpasses, in any eight lines of his works, the eight following lines of the “*Naturalist* :”—“*The pig became two,*”—“*a few sheep marked A. B. were running about the lanes,*”—“*his wife had a little cow,*”—which cow “*in the spring was joined by a better,*”—but these last were disposed of, and the sheep “*augmented!*” As in the former part of this story, the manner of saying these facts would be almost a sufficient proof of their utter falseness; it is the very phrasology of fiction, and no man who had this story to tell, and knew it to be true, would tell it in this flippant, insincere, metaphorical manner. Therefore, to treat it seriously is almost absurd; but it is put forth in seriousness, has been held up to admiration, has had a considerable circulation, and is now, bit-by-bit, dribbled out to the public through the penny magazines, and therefore we have chosen to expose the falsehood which it contains. Any man of common intelligence, and accustomed to country life, would immediately see through these exaggerations; but such is the eagerness to promulgate the notion of low wages being better for the labourer than high wages, that even those who know better are warped on the side where they fancy their interest lies, and, therefore, countenance notions which in their minds and hearts they despise.

We should like to ask this man, *when* it was that his labourer bought his second pig, *when* he bought his sheep, *when* he bought his first cow, *when* the second, and what he gave for them; how he discovered that a cow was more difficult to keep through the winter than “*a few sheep,*” it being notorious that a cow can be kept with ten times less trouble than “*a few sheep;*” indeed, it being ridiculous to suppose that a labourer could keep sheep *at all*; that they must necessarily be constantly and carefully watched; that, indeed, *a few sheep* would require more watching than *many*, a fact well known to every country boy of ten years old, there being no animal so proverbially gregarious as the sheep, and none on earth so wild as *a few sheep* left by themselves, whose movements would be, stamping, staring, bleating, and galloping up and down every lane and road in the neighbourhood, through every gap which promised them a nearer approach to some of their kind, and in which irregular scrambling and hedge-picking life they would all mangle or destroy their fleeces; some would break their limbs, some fall a prey to dogs, and some to gypsies, till at last, the remnant of the *few* would find their way into the parish pound, and bless themselves that they had at last got again into a fold. This would be the probable fate of “*a few sheep marked A. B. running about the lanes;*” these are misfortunes incidental to the *habits* of the animal; in its nature it has more: what is to be done when staggers,

rot, and maggots, assail them? In short, the man would be mad to think of keeping a few sheep if he had but the scanty means of A. B., and the engagements of a labouring man. But how in the world he could prefer sheep to a cow as the easier to keep through the winter, we marvel! It is so precisely the opposite: the cow will content herself with the common, the field, the lane, the road, the yard, or even the stall, and do well in either, with comparatively no watching, having fewer diseases of malignancy, being in no fear of dogs or gypsies, and being less choice in every respect, caring little for dryness or wetness of soil, and as little for company.

The “Naturalist” has been careful not to give us a notion of what A. B.’s wages were before he raised them to ten shillings per week. We wish he had given us this, because then we could have nailed him here to a nicety: if A. B. was sickly upon what he had before, and began to mend upon having ten shillings, then it would have been a question how much of that difference he consumed per week, and then we might have calculated with some exactness what he had left wherewith to dress himself and family better, white-wash and enclose his house, and buy pig, sheep, and cows. However, it is certain that he was not a *pauper*, for he owned a cottage, which he could not then have done. He must have been employed by somebody, and constantly too, and though an “unprofitable labourer,” he was earning money enough to own a pig when he came into the “Naturalist’s” service. Suppose, then, that he had, at that time, seven shillings a week, which is about the lowest wages that have ever of late years been given to labouring people. The seven is now made up to ten, and, in consequence, A. B. gets more healthy, dresses his family better, and so on, as above: *query*, how much of his additional three shillings a week does it take to produce these results? Say one shilling and sixpence; then we have one shilling and sixpence to put by weekly to buy another pig, a few sheep, and two cows. Eighteen-pence a week will make 3*l.* 18*s.* a year, and, bearing in mind that it is but a poor cow that sells for so little as *eight pounds*, a poor and “unprofitable” cottager’s pig that he can get for so little as *one pound*, and a miserable ewe, with lamb, that he can get for less than *thirty shillings*; bearing these facts in our minds, we leave the “Naturalist” to explain to us *how “soon”* it was that A. B. became possessed of an additional pig, *two cows*, and a *few sheep*!

We confess ourselves incredulous, and for this reason, that, if you multiply 3*l.* 18*s.* by the six years that A. B. lived with “Naturalist,” you will find it amounts to the sum of 23*l.* 8*s.*; and then, if you will take and calculate the cost of animals at that period, you will find them amount to more than that whole sum, namely:—

2 cows, at 8 <i>l.</i> each	16	0	0
5 sheep, at 30 <i>s.</i> each	7	10	0
1 hog	1	0	0
	<hr/> £24 10 0		

Thus, eighteen-pence a week, for the whole six years, would not buy what the “*Naturalist*” says A. B. bought “soon” upon that sum, or some sum not exceeding it, by above a halfpenny or two! We have given him *five* sheep without the authority of “*Naturalist*,” but what were we to gather by the word *few*? and let us caution him against starting with too small a number, seeing that he has to make them up to *forty-nine* in the six years, either bred or bought by A. B.

It is curious to observe how this “*Naturalist*” has fitted his subject to his experiment in all particulars. He brings him into his service sickly, with wife and family, but owning a cottage and garden to start with, and, by implication, a pig; but he forgets that a man, sickly for want of sufficient sustenance (as he proves this man to have been), would not have been the owner of a cottage and a pig. Again, having brought his man to the full ripeness of his experiment, having made him become the owner of pigs, cows, and a whole flock of sheep, he *kills him*, like a true “*Naturalist*,” to view the result, and then he gives us this notable display:—“After about six years’ service, my honest, quiet, sober labourer died, leaving his wife and two children surviving: a third had recently died. We found him possessed of some money, though *I know not the amount*; *two fine hogs*, and a flock of *forty-nine good sheep, many far advanced in lamb*,” to all which the conclusion and moral is,—“and all this stock was acquired solely with the regular wages of *ten shillings a week*, in conjunction with the *simple aids* of rigid sobriety and economy, *without a murmur, a complaint, or a grievance*!” There is no merit in not murmuring where there is neither complaint to make nor grievance to feel, you know, “*Naturalist*!” Ah! but that is not what you mean; you mean that, after this story, any man that has ten shillings a week (any *labouring* man) should not think of murmuring and complaining; for you have proved, like many others who have written and spoken upon it, that it is “all their own fault” that they are in want of food and in want of clothes; you obligingly furnish us with an instance, a case in point, which settles the matter, and the *Quarterly Review* has done its best to send you into every drawing-room and library in the country to promulgate your grateful discovery in natural science. Pity, too, you did not know the sum that A. B. died possessed of! One would have thought that you, his benefactor, would be the very man to know it, and to have the distributing of it, or the *vesting* of it in savings-banks. And then, “*forty-nine*

good sheep, *many far advanced in lamb!* So, they were of all states and conditions; but—*forty-nine* sheep! The stock of a moderate farm! The man knows nothing of what he is writing about; he is evidently ignorant of the manner of keeping, feeding, and multiplying these animals; and this last-mentioned absurdity, put to that of the cow being “more difficult to maintain through the winter,” shows an ignorance of the whole matter so gross, that one can attribute it to none but a man who has never contemplated it at all, and has never seen the animals unless through a stage coach window, or obliquely, from a window in Half-moon-street, or some other street, Piccadilly.

In the absence, therefore, of proof of the truth of this story; till we are informed of the “*locus in quo*,” the place where this happened which he tells us of, we doubt it entirely. But let us put down on paper what a man can get to live on for ten shillings at this time, dividing it into so much each day; let us be scrupulous to allow him a bare sufficiency for himself, a wife, and two young children, and then let us see how much money a man is likely to lay by to buy pigs, cows, and sheep.

	Per Day.		Per Week.
	<i>d.</i>		<i>s.</i> <i>d.</i>
4lbs. of bread, a day	7½	3 6
1½lb. of bacon	9	5 6
1 pint of beer	1½	0 10½
¼lb. of soap in the week			0 1½
			<hr/>
			10 0

In this calculation we have taken the present prices, and as things have not, of late years, been much cheaper than they are now, ten shillings now will buy as much as it probably would in the time of A. B. And here the whole ten shillings is gone in a bare sufficiency of necessaries. We defy the “*Naturalist*” to controvert this, and, therefore, again we express our great disgust at the attempt here made against the laborious, patient, unlettered, and therefore defenceless part of his countrymen, by a man who assumes a character that is very likely to give both currency and authority to his work.

Much more might be said upon the passage that we have quoted above, but we have already occupied too much of our space with it. Upon some what the same topic, however, we cannot help bringing in here a passage or two, from pages 131 and 132, which give additional proof of the malignity and folly of the writer of this book: “And every village boy with his cur
“ detects the haunts of the poor hedgehog, and assuredly worries and kills
“ him. *Killing everything, and cruelty, are the common vices of the igno-*

“*rant :*” And, again, speaking of the horse, “The ass, probably and happily, is not a sensitive animal, but the poor horse no sooner becomes the property of *man in the lower walks of life*, than he commonly has his ears shorn off; his knees are broken, his wind is broken, his body is starved, and his eyes —!! I fear, in *these grades of society*, mercy is only known by the name of cowardice, and compassion designated simplicity and effeminacy!” Verily, this “Naturalist” has found out amiable characteristics for his own species! The poor boys, the village boys, too, *each with his cur*, are heaped altogether that they may be smitten down by the anathema of this pious admirer of nature. In common justice to the boys, we cannot help reminding him, however, that he himself professes to have been a *sportsman*, and that, so long as the mangling and killing of pheasants, partridges, hares, rabbits, &c. &c., is to be eagerly and openly sought and practised by full-grown men and sober “Naturalists” *as a sport*, the poor village boys may, surely, if they can bear the sight, be excused for worrying and killing so unsightly a little devil as the hedgehog. But our “Naturalist” swells into fury when he comes to the horse, “the property of *man in the lower walks of life*,” and which walks with admirable rhetorical propriety quickly become “grades” in his hands, that is to say, steps; our author finds that the moment the horse comes down to these, all the ills that horse-flesh is heir to come upon him; cropped (“*shorn*,” our author says) ears, broken knees, broken wind, and, instead of eyes at all, a long dash and two marks of admiration! Terrible! one would think he believed in the migration of souls, and was afraid of becoming a horse. But, coolly, “Naturalist:” would it answer the purpose of one of the “ignorant” in the “lower grades” to serve his horse so badly; would he break his knees and his wind, and poke out his eyes, on purpose? And are you so ignorant, yourself, as not to know that it is those in the “upper grades” who break the knees, and do all the rest before the horse comes into the possession of your “man in the lower walks?” But you mention incidentally the ass, and “we thank thee for that word,” for the ass is peculiarly the beast of burden of those in the “lower grades,” and do we see asses cropped, or even docked; and much more, *nicked*; do we see them with broken knees, broken wind, and such eyes as it shocks your delicacy to describe? But enough. One word, however, on the word “ignorant:” no man is *ignorant* who knows his business, the business which he professes to know. Some men know more things and more important things than others, and, in proportion as these things are important, and the knowledge difficult to attain, the man ought to be revered and deemed learned who knows them; but no man who knows any science, or any art that is practically beneficial to the whole body of mankind, ought to be called ignorant, and it would have become

one of your pretensions, “*Naturalist*” though you be, to be less forward in round assertions that nature has placed certain evil dispositions into the minds and hearts of distinct grades of society; it would have become a man of your parts and your piety to ponder a little before you made this frightful disclosure.

In page 17 an English labourer is made to say “*his honour*,” in page 30 the cottager is called “*the cotter*,” in page 25, making hay is called “*saving hay*,” and we find other expressions which make us conclude that the writer is of the sister kingdom. None the worse for that, unless we find that he has contemplated rags and famine in his own unfortunate country till his heart has become callous, and till he would not mind contemplating the same in ours.

In page 59, our author remarks that—

“Trees in full foliage have long been noted as great attractors of humidity, and a young wych elm, in full leaf, affords a good example of this supposed power; but in the winter of the year, when trees are perfectly denuded, this faculty of creating moisture about them is equally obvious, though not so profusely. A strongly-marked instance of this was witnessed by me, when ascending a hill in the month of March. The weather had previously been very fine and dry, and the road in a dusty state; but a fog coming on, an ash tree, hanging over the road, was dripping with water so copiously, that the road beneath was in a puddle, when the other parts continued dry, and manifested no appearance of humidity.”

In Mr. WHITE’s *History of Selborne* may be seen the whole that is worth reading of our author’s observations upon the matter which he prefaces above, and of which we have not room for more than the preface of either; we will, however, extract that from Mr. WHITE in order that they may be compared.

“In heavy fogs, on elevated situations especially, trees are perfect alembics: and no one that has not attended to such matters can imagine how much water one tree will distil in a night’s time, by condensing the vapour, which trickles down the twigs and boughs, so as to make the ground below quite in a float. In *Newton-lane*, in *October*, 1775, on a misty day, a particular oak in leaf dropped so fast, that the cart-way stood in puddles, and the ruts ran with water, though the ground in general was dusty. * * * Trees in leaf have such a vast proportion more of surface than those that are naked, that, in theory, their condensations should greatly exceed those that are stripped of their leaves; but as the former imbibe also a great quantity of moisture, it is difficult to say which drip most.” Pages 205, 206.

We have left ourselves so little room for quotations, that we must in most of our instances of plagiarism refer simply to the books. In page 130 of the “*Naturalist*,” an account of the hedgehog is made up from page 77 of WHITE and vol. 1. 134 of PENNANT, *Brit. Zool.*, excepting a parti-

cular account of the spines of the little animal, which may or may not be a copy from some other author. Pages 84 and 85 of “Naturalist” compare with pages 509 and 533 of WHITE. P. 118 compare with p. 71. STILLINGFLEET. *Tracts*. In p. 134, we have this account of the harvest mouse :—

“ The harvest mouse (*Mus Messorius*) in some seasons is common with us, but, like other species of mice, varies much in numbers found. I have seen their nests as late as the middle of September, containing eight young ones, entirely filling the little interior cavity. These nests vary in shape, being round, oval, or pear-shaped, with a long neck, and are to be distinguished from those of any other mouse, by being generally suspended on some growing vegetable, a thistle, a bean-stalk, or some adjoining stems of wheat, with which it rocks and waves in the wind; but to prevent the young from being dislodged by any violent agitation of the plant, the parent closes up the entrance so uniformly with the whole fabric, that the real opening is with difficulty found.”

In WHITE, page 33, we have a full description of this mouse in his 12th letter to Mr. PENNANT, who, in his *British Zoology*, gives us the same description in the very words of Mr. WHITE: namely,

“ I have procured some of the mice mentioned in my former letters, a young one and a female with young, both of which I have preserved in brandy. From the colour, shape, size, and manner of nesting, I make no doubt but that the species is nondescript. They are much smaller and more slender than the *Mus domesticus medius* of Ray; and have more of the squirrel or dormouse colour: their belly is white; a straight line along their sides divides the shades of their back and belly. They never enter into houses; are carried into ricks and barns with the sheaves; abound in harvest, and build their nests amidst the straws of corn above ground, and sometimes in thistles. They breed as many as eight at a litter, in a little round nest composed of the blades of grass or wheat. One of these nests I procured this autumn most artificially platted, and composed of the blades of wheat; perfectly round, and about the size of a cricket-ball; with the aperture so ingeniously closed, that there was no discovering to what part it belonged. It was so compact and well filled, that it could roll across the table without being discomposed, though it contained eight little mice, that were naked and blind.”

And, in page 39, he says :—

“ As to the mice, I have further to remark, that though they hang their nests for breeding up amidst the straws of the standing corn, above ground; yet I find that in winter, they burrow deep in earth, and make warm beds in grass: but their grand rendezvous seems to be in corn-ricks, into which they are carried at harvest.”

Mr. PENNANT seems to have heard of this mouse only from Mr. WHITE, for he evidently takes his communication, and says that this animal abounds in Hampshire. The “Naturalist,” however, finds it “common

in some seasons with us.” He gives us a graphic sketch of it and of its nest, and so far we are under obligation to him.

Page 145. The hair and fur of animals compare with Dr. DERHAM’s physico-theology, vol. 1. p. 314 note. Pages 151 to 153 about the migration of birds is a confused jumble, which may be found better expressed in the several notes of WHITE, 139, 146, STILLINGFLEET, 108; and the appendix to PENNANT; all, except the hypothesis, that, the soft-billed birds migrate to England as a breeding-place for the sake of a *compounded food* for their young. This he supports in no rational way; gives us no reason to suppose that the mothers can find for their young here what they cannot find in other climates from which they come to us. It is an interesting subject, but one that requires to be elucidated by facts in conjunction with reasons, and not by loose suppositions. In the “*Naturalist*,” compare page 161 and 162 with WHITE 105, upon the hard life of the little insect-eating birds during our winters. In page 183, he says:—

“ I have repeatedly known districts, from which during the winter season every blackbird, thrush, gold and bull-finch, had been killed, yet in the ensuing spring observed their places filled by others, and the song in the grove, and nesting in the brake, as harmonious and as plentiful as usual. Many sportsmen know that killing down their game does not universally prevent a supply in the ensuing season.”

It is a bold man that can so *positively*, on the word of a “*Naturalist*,” assert that he had repeatedly known every one of these several kinds of birds killed in the groves and brakes, even when so close about him; and we do not think that it is many sportsmen who do think that the killing of *all* their game is compatible with the usual stock of it; unless, indeed, that be next to none at all. The “*Naturalist*” is a bold asserter, and these facts are indisputably his own. In page 197, he gives us this amusing description of the assiduity of birds towards their young:—

“ It is a very amusing occupation, for a short time, to attend to the actions of a pair of swallows or martens, the family of which have left the nest, and settled upon some naked spray, or low bush in the field, the parents cruising around, and then returning with their captures to their young: the constant supply which they bring, the celerity with which it is given and received, and the activity and evolutions of the elder birds, present a pleasing example of industry and affection.”

But unfortunately, we had before read, in Mr. WHITE’s book:

“ The progressive method by which the young ” (of swallows) “ are introduced into life is very amusing: first, they emerge from the shaft with difficulty enough, and often fall down into the rooms below: for a day or so they are fed

“on the chimney-top, and then are conducted to the dead leafless bough of some tree, where, sitting in a row, they are attended with great assiduity, and may then be called *perchers*. In a day or two more they become *flyers*, but are still unable to take their own food; therefore, they play about near the place where the dams are hawking for flies; and, when a mouthful is collected, at a certain signal given, the dam and the nestling advance, rising towards each other, and meeting at an angle; the young one all the while uttering such a little quick note of gratitude and complacency, that a person must have paid very little regard to the wonders of Nature that has not often remarked this feat.” P. 170.

In pages 206 and 207 we find the *flycatcher* thus characterized:—

“We have perhaps no bird more attached to peculiar situations than the grey flycatcher (*Muscicapa Grisola*); one pair, or the descendants, frequenting year after year the same hole in the wall, or the same branch on the vine or plum. * * * This flycatcher delights in eminences. The naked spray of a tree, or projecting stone in a building, or even a tall stick in the very middle of the grass-plot, is sure to attract its attention, as affording an uninterrupted view of its winged prey; and from this it will be in constant activity a whole summer's day, capturing its food, and returning to swallow it.”

In WHITE, p. 104,

“The flycatcher is, of all our summer birds, the most mute and the most familiar; it also appears the last of any. It builds in a vine, on a sweetbriar, against the wall of a house, or in the hole of a wall, or on the end of a beam or plate, and often close to the post of a door where people are going in and out all day long.”

And, in p. 28 of WHITE,

“There is one circumstance characteristic of this bird which seems to have escaped observation, and that is, it takes its stand on the top of some stake or post, from whence it springs forth on its prey, catching a fly in the air, and hardly ever touching the ground, but returning still to the same stand for many times together.”

As far as our own observation goes, the stake out in the “*very middle of the grass-plot*,” is the least likely of all places for the flycatcher; for there are the fewest of the winged insects on which it feeds. Under a willow overhanging a rivulet, and on a post or stake in the bank or hedge in this situation, we have observed this little bird very active as WHITE describes, swinging round in a very narrow circle, apparently without doing more than open its wings, and seeming to catch something every time.

The thrush is described by the “Naturalist” in pages 210 and in 249 and 250; and the passages may be found in WHITE, pages 190 and 480; but we have already gone so far beyond what we intended that we cannot

quote the long passages, and have scarcely room enough left for a short one or two that we cannot but point out.

In bold assertions our author abounds, and the following is a good specimen; but even here we shall find that he has *foundation* for what he says, and the astounding anecdote is clearly nothing more than an out-bidding of WHITE, whom he seems to think he has copied long enough. We take it from page 248, where, speaking of the bunting, he says:—

“ It could hardly be supposed that this bird, not larger than a lark, is capable of doing serious injury; yet I this morning witnessed a rick of barley, standing in a detached field, *entirely stripped of its thatching*, which this bunting effected by seizing the end of the straw, and deliberately drawing it out, to search for any grain the ear might yet contain; the base of the rick being entirely surrounded by the straw, one end resting on the ground, the other against the *mow*” (*mow*!), “ as it slid down from the summit, and regularly placed, as if by the hand; and so completely was the thatching pu^led off, that the immediate removal of the corn became necessary.”

To match this story exactly, one must have another such “Naturalist;” but we will do our best to keep him in countenance. In WHITE, p. 106, we find:—

“ The great titmouse, driven by stress of weather, much frequents houses, and in deep snows, I have seen this bird, while it hung with its back downwards (to my no small delight and admiration), draw straws lengthwise from out the eaves of thatched houses, in order to pull out flies that were concealed between them, and that in such numbers that they quite defaced the thatch and gave it a ragged appearance.”

The water newt, page 316, compare with WHITE pages 50 and 58. The earth-worm, p. 343 compare with WHITE 216. In page 366, he says that in the year 1827, the leaves of the sloe, whitethorn, crab, and some of the orchard trees, were completely devoured by caterpillars, and then he tells us, which we really cannot believe, that—

“ The chief singularity in all this was the appearance of the sloe-bush, all the foliage being consumed by insects, or crisped away by severe winds, leaving the sprays profusely covered with the small young fruit, *perfectly uninjured, and proceeding in its growth*; so that, by the time the foliage was renewed in August, it had obtained its usual size. This was the case, too, with the crab, and some of the orchard fruits, presenting the unusual sight of *fruit growing on the boughs without leaves*!”

We have frequently witnessed the devastations of caterpillars in this way, but have invariably found, and always heard, that the pest never arrives to such a height but a total failure of crop may be expected. One would think that a “Naturalist,” an “investigator,” would have had the

precise date of these occurrences, and then we should probably have found this work done so early in the spring that the young setting fruit would have been as much the food of the caterpillar as the leaf, and that, which is generally the case, all was eaten off at the same time.

As we said when we began this notice, the book is a hash made up out of the writings of real Naturalists, and we think just the opposite of what is thought by the reviewer when he says that it does not "interfere with the *History of Selborne*;" for a large part of it is palpably taken from that unassuming and amusing work, in which we have the name of the author, are brought almost into his company and that of his correspondents, and cannot but give implicit credit to all that he affirms; in which the language is as unaffected as the writer's ways, and in which we are never offended by a coxcombical phrase from the beginning to the end. In this respect, how different is the author of the "little unpretending volume" so puffed off by the *Quarterly Review*! To take one instance: he has stumbled upon the lucky discovery that the word *obnoxious* is not commonly used in its strict classical sense, so he must use it properly, and he plies us with it constantly throughout his book; thus (page 148) "when we consider the many casualties to which old birds are *obnoxious* from their tameness," &c.; and in p. 343, "Little *obnoxious* to injury as this garden snail appears to be," &c. In short we see nothing in this little volume to admire, except the paper, the print, and the plates (for, of the latter there are eleven very good ones), all to be attributed to the publisher, Mr. Murray, the only thing we have to say with respect to whom, is, that we wish he had not been *certainly* the publisher, and *possibly* the proprietor, of this work as well as of the *Quarterly Review* which recommends it so strongly to the public.

†

POPULATION AND EMPLOYMENT.

To the Editors of Cobbett's Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

London, January 25, 1833.

WE all know that there are schemes on foot for getting rid of the people, by the means of emigration, on the ground of there being "*a surplus*." It is not my present intention to say anything as to the absurdity of believing that a nation *could* be relieved by such means; for I do not believe that a surplus population does, or ever did, exist. But, as this belief in the existence of a surplus population, and the schemes consequent upon that belief, are founded upon the *Reports laid before*

the Parliament, it is of the utmost consequence that the public should know the reliance which ought to be placed upon those Reports.

Population Return laid before Parliament in 1801.

Persons chiefly employed in agriculture	1,524,227
Persons chiefly employed in trade, manufactures, and handicraft.....	1,789,531
All other persons	5,017,434
Total of persons	8,331,192

Return in 1811.

Families in agriculture.....	697,353
Families in trade, manufactures, &c.	923,588
All other families.....	391,450
Total of families	2,012,391
Total of persons	9,538,827

The first thing to notice is, that in the return of 1801, the number of *persons* only of each class is stated; in that of 1811, the number of *families*, with the *total* number of *persons*.

The total number of *families* in the return of 1811, being 2,012,391, and the total number of persons being 9,538,827, the average number of persons to each family is 4 and $\frac{1}{2} \frac{89263}{12391}$; or about $4\frac{3}{4}$. At this rate the number of *families* in agriculture was about 320,000, instead of 697,353, as in 1811. At the same rate, the number of *families* in trade, manufactures, &c. in 1801, was about 375,281, instead of 928,588, as in 1811. At the same rate the number of families of *drones*, in 1801, was about ONE MILLION, instead of 391,450, as in 1811!! * So much for the value of *Parliamentary Reports*.
W. S.

* So that, if this could be believed, more than *six hundred thousand families* who were living in idleness in 1801, became a part of the industrious in 1811, and were employed either in agriculture, trade, manufactures, or handicraft!!!

PATRIOTISM ;
OR,
OUR LOVE FOR AND DUTY TO OUR COUNTRY.

No. I.

“ *Every man to his city, and every man to his own country.*”
KINGS, book ii. chap. xxii. ver. 36.

THERE can be few men to whom it has not sometimes occurred to be in the company of persons who, though neither senseless nor insensible, were bitten with the notion that there is, in fact, *no such thing as patriotism*, that *love of country* is but a creature of fancy, and that if we seriously profess to have such a sentiment, it is a proof that we are visionary if not hypocritical. Yes, sensible persons, and not wanting in good feeling. How far these persons have *reflected*, indeed, before coming to so important a conclusion, let the better reflecting say. This is only one of those instances in man's reckoning up of his own attributes, which show how useless the means of thought may become when not exercised to the extent of their strength, how a man endowed with sense enough to discover truth, may, by a sluggish employment of his reasoning powers, be as much tied down to the convictions of narrowmindedness as any ordinary fool.

For, why should there *not* be patriotism ; why should we *not* all love our country ? The Romans, from whom we derive our words *patriot* and *patriotism*, expressed their sense of *love of country* by “ *amor patriæ* : ” *amor* meaning nothing more than *love* ; but *patriæ* much more than our bare word *country*, this latter being a compound of *pater*, father, and *terra*, soil, earth, or land. Words often undergo great loss in their proper meaning by being adapted to the tongues of people in whose minds they have not originated. So it has happened with the Latin *patriæ*, which, we see, was intended not merely to convey the idea of a *country*, but that of our *own country*, of our native soil, or, at least, of the land of our fathers, of our *paternal* land. Hence, then, for a man to be a *patriot* in the proper sense of the word, he must acknowledge some one land as properly his own ; whatever choice he may have as to any particular part of the world, he cannot be said to have any *patriotism* (i. e. *amor patriæ*) unless there be some one to which he holds himself to be related in the same way as a child to a parent.

By *nature* we are *all* patriots. We are *born*, at any rate, to one country exclusively, as much as we are each of us a child of only one

father and one mother. It would be but little more unnatural for us to want filial affection than to want the sentiment of love of country towards that part of the globe to which our parents belong and in the climate of which we first see light. If it be said that patriotism is but a *prejudice*, we say that such national prejudice is national virtue. The same sort of objection might be made to our love for our parents, which, at the beginning, is no more than an instinct, or *prejudice*, if we are to call it so. What is it that makes the infant prefer its mother's arms to any other place, but the feeling, which it has imperceptibly and by habit acquired, that it is there most caressed and most secure? Why is it that we venerate the persons of our fathers, listen to the words of their advice, submit to the sway of their authority, in preference to the rest of mankind, if it be not the consciousness that all our wants are anticipated and supplied, that our safety is most thought of, that our perils are surest to be foreseen or averted, that all our interests are best consulted by those for whom we entertain such deference and regard? As soon as we begin to think, reflection comes to maintain the same habit through future years, to ensure the continuance of our early feelings by laying before us the reasons that approve our previous conduct, and, in convincing us that all we have done was done on good grounds, shows us that our happiness, and our duty to those who contribute to it, ought to be inseparable. But let us discard these words *habit* and *prejudice* as applied to these matters. They have been employed in contempt by men who treat with ridicule things which we should hold in the sincerest respect.

Take the child from the narrow precincts of his cradle and his nurse's lap, and you see him in the somewhat wider sphere of what we call *home*. A little farther, and he begins to be sensible of his importance as one of a *nation*. And if there are men who do not cling to the scenes which surrounded them at the dawning of their understandings, they are but exceptions: few, indeed, can there be of those who have no *national* partiality! The propensity to wander is never *innate* in our minds. There is nothing in *our* nature calling for even a temporary migration. We have, in *our* necessities, nothing of the *woodcock* and *snipe*. Whenever there is a necessity, it must be artificial. There is no invitation, however tempting, no goad, however urgent or painful, to prevent the hearts of men from sinking within them on leaving their own country: who is there that comes back to it again, after living a long while away, and treads upon its shore with spirits *not* lighter, with a heart *not* bounding, at the landing step? We are *true patriots* as we are *good children*. The first of earthly sorrows is the loss of kind parents; the next, to be sent away from all those scenes and circumstances that were associated in memory along with the acts of their goodness. We might as well transfer our filial attachment to

strangers, as give up that for our country and bestow it on a foreign land. Compared with the child who is an orphan, or who has lost or forfeited, or suffered for the want of, the tenderness which he first held dear, what comes next in the catalogue of the desolate if not the man who is acknowledged by no nation, who is an outcast from every community, who cannot point his finger to any spot on the map of this world and say, "*That is my country?*"

And what *reason* need we give for loving our country, more than that which an American poet has put into the mouths of his countrymen :—

" They love their land *because it is their own,*
And scorn to give aught other reason *why.*"*

A modern pastoral poet† has also some lines containing nearly the same idea, in speaking of his own part of England :—

Though nature ne'er dropt you a cloud-resting mountain,
Nor water-falls tumbled their music so free;
Had nature denied you a bush, tree, or fountain,
Ye still had been lov'd as an eden by me.

Your sky may be gloomy, and misty your morning;
Your flat swampy valleys unwholesome may be;
Still, refuse of nature without her adoring,
Ye're dear, as this heart in my bosom to me!

The Italian tragedian, ALFIERI, so famous for his declamations against tyrants, has happily defined the influence of love of country in one *indefinite* term :—

——— quel dolce primo
Amor del suol natio, che in noi può tanto.‡

That love, says he, of our native soil which can do *so much* with us; leaving you to comprehend all that he meant by the *tanto*, and the meaning of which every man's experience must point out to him. The benefits of *home* and of *country* are so numerous, that to describe them all there must be words without end. But we all know what they are, and to *say what* is to offer information uncalled for. "*Where liberty is, there is my country,*" is a saying with some people. A singularly foolish one, to be sure. For, if this be sound sense, then, as soon as a country begins to be oppressed, that ought to be a signal for the whole nation to *run away from it and give it up to the oppressor*. Such conduct in the inhabitants would, of course, be very mortifying to the oppressor, who would thus be

* HALLECK.

† CLARE.

‡ FILIPPO.

bereaved of the means of exercising oppression any longer ; and it would be very beneficial to the runners away, providing they had, that which they have not, *another country of their own to flee to*. No : *Where my country is, there let liberty be*, would be rather more rational ; it is, in fact, the very form of speech to express what all rational people do feel.

One of the passages in the writings of PAINE most worthy of notice, is that in which he gives us a general idea of his opinions of *patriotism*. In a letter which he addresses to the people of France, upon the occasion of their presenting him with the citizenship of that country, he says :—

“ I receive, with affectionate gratitude, the honour which the late National Assembly has conferred upon me, by adopting me a citizen of France ; and the additional honour of being elected by my fellow-citizens a member of the National Convention. Happily impressed, as I am, by those testimonials of respect shown towards me as an individual, I feel my felicity increased *by seeing the barrier broken down that divided patriotism by spots of earth, and limited citizenship to the soil, like vegetation.*”

Now, to this sophistry of PAINE, what a fine contrast do we find in the xxii. chapter and 10. verse of the Book of JEREMIAH !—

“ *Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him : but weep sore for him that goeth away ; for he shall return no more, nor see his native country.*”

And how naturally do these words of JEREMIAH suggest a paraphrase in application to our own present state !—*Weep you not for those that lie buried in English graves, neither bemoan them : but weep sore for those that go away to the back-woods of America, and to Van Diemen's Land, and to Swan River ; for they shall return no more, nor see England their native country.* No comment can be made on the words of the Prophet ; they are too much to the point, and too eloquent to admit of it. He is, indeed, no lover of his country who does not understand all they include. But the absurdity advanced by PAINE upon this question, though glaring, is too unjust not to require reproof. Such a man must have known better. Nothing but PAINE's own circumstances could have drawn from him such a sentence. There are, it is true, cases in which men are driven from the land in which nature gave them a birthright, just as there are of children being banished from the bosoms where they ought to be most cherished ; and, if an adopted child is considered to owe a species of filial feeling towards the person who adopts him, the exile, the forcibly expatriated, may with at least equal justice reconcile himself to the thought of loving that country which has afforded him refuge and protection. PAINE need not, therefore, have made any effort of argument to reconcile his conscience with his *own case* ; his fanciful simile between patriots and vegetables was as unnecessary as it was illogical. He does not, to be sure, ven-

ture to scoff at all idea of patriotism, if he ever desired to do so; but, he does what is just as wild; he leaves us to suppose a *whole nation* being driven away from home, or, there is no reason for the general rule which his words imply, and which rule can be rationally applied to none but "individual" cases, like that of himself. To talk, then, of an *Englishman's patriotism for France*, is just the same as to talk of his owing the duty of a *child* to one with whom he has *no family kindred*. This passage of PAINE is worthy of notice, most especially on account of its inconsistency with the character of the writer, who, as a politician, seems to have had less recourse to sophistry than almost any man in the world. However erroneous some of his political notions may be, he has certainly asserted them with sounder reasoning, with the aid of more truth, than was ever employed before by a mistaken head. In no other instance do we remember his resting satisfied with even *plausibility* in his doctrines. Yet here we have the author of "*Common Sense*," upon a solemn occasion, endeavouring to conceal an outrage to that same *sense* by a play of ingenuity, and sending forth a piece of politics from his pen, to refute which nothing more is required than the flagrant absurdity it bears with it! Such is the propensity in man to represent all the rest of mankind according to the exigencies of his own case.

No: it must not be admitted that a man has any *right* whatever (because it is against his and his country's *interest*) to make himself independent of that allegiance which nature and good policy exact. We are no breakers-down of "*the barrier*," no deserters from those "*spots of earth*," within and upon which all real love of country must confine and display itself. We cannot agree with PAINE in comparing a true patriot to a turnip or a cabbage, and allow that the fidelity which causes adherence to country is nothing better than the tenacity of a tap root. Those who scout the idea of patriotism should, at all events, not make any use of the word; those whose affections are distributed throughout the whole universe are not properly characterised by a name, in the meaning of which *exclusive love* is essential. *Universal patriot* is a contradiction in terms. But they have, they tell us, a name of their own discovery; "*Citizen of the World*." Happy crotchet! that is to say, a sort of *filius mundi*, or son of all nations; in imitation, no doubt, of "*filius populi*," the vulgar translation of which is, *bastard*, or, in its more elegant acceptation, *son of the people*. Happy caprice! it really is so in the phrase, at least; for nothing could be more *appropriate* than the *appellation* to the *character*; nothing more fitting than the one to describe all the genuine illegitimacy that belongs to the other. Our experience would enable us to write a volume on this subject. Let so much suffice for a beginning.

LECTURES ON MUSIC, WITH CONCERTED ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY MR. PHILIPPS.

(Assisted, in the Illustrative Part, by the Misses Brandon).

On the 9th of last month, Mr. Philipps delivered the first of a *series of lectures* (as we understood him) at his establishment in Soho-square.

The subject matter of this lecture was too extensive for a merely preceptive purpose, which, as an introduction to a continued course, it would necessarily be. Mr. Philipps entered upon his undertaking by an appeal to the good sense of his audience against the present prejudice in favour of all foreign musical performances, and, with a view to the establishing of true principles for English vocal music, he dwelt on the observations of literary commentators who have treated on the art, and have enforced the necessity of a combination of rhetorical delivery with musical execution to produce good vocal performance. He disavowed, at the same time, any attempt to depreciate the Italian school of singing, or that of the Germans, for harmony and accompaniment, and he admitted the excellences of those schools to be concomitant with English vocal music. The *solfa* of the Italian school was the first example given, which, although a practice of mere notes and monosyllables, the Italians consider as the foundation of all vocal eminence. An anecdote of Porposa and his pupil Caffarelli was related in confirmation of this opinion. Caffarelli had been engaged by the master to sing *solfa* for sixteen hours a day, and nothing else, for the period of five years, when, on his first attempt at delivering poetry to music, he astonished his hearers by his oratorical as well as vocal powers. Mr. Philipps referred his auditors to future lectures for the practice in detail of *solfeggi*, and proceeded to examples and comments on the different species of vocal composition, beginning with the canon or *canone*. In commenting on the properties and defects of this species of composition, as considered in connexion with the delivering of poetry to music, the lecturer offered a novel and extraordinary illustration with three different stanzas of poetry, recited simultaneously, by as many persons. After this heterogeneous specimen the round was given in regular performance, in order, by this effect, to prove that the pleasure resulting from musical performance is from different sources: sometimes from a conjunction of poetical and musical effect operating together so as to speak to the *sense* as well as to the *ear*; sometimes from the sounds of music only; in which

latter case the words, though bearing claim to the title of good poetry, are subordinate to the music, and are, in short, the mere vehicles of its melody and harmony. The effect of the composition called "*catch*," was proved, by literary comparison, analogous to *cross-readings*; as in Dr. Calcot's well-known production, "*Ah! how Sophia!*" becomes, in the second subject, "*a house a fire*." The illustrations of this part of the lecture were selected from composers of various dates. We must notice one of peculiar beauty, and unusually effective in performance from judicious curtailment and arrangement,—"*Haste, my Nannette!*" by Travers, 1733. From compositions in the ancient style of canon, fuga, and madrigal, the lecturer proceeded to comment on and illustrate those in the oratorical, or, in the Italian designation, "*Aria Parlante*;" one specimen of which, "*Five times by the taper's light*," from the works of Storace, gave much satisfaction both in its performance and the introductory fact of the composer's having adopted the clicking of a number of pendulums together in a wooden-clock-shop for marking time by the hour-glass. Quoting an ancient author, the lecturer stated that amongst the Greeks their civil laws and history were *versified* and *sung* for the better imprinting them on their memory. And in this part of the lecture Mr. Philipps expressed a wish to hear some acts of parliament, such as the *Reform Bill*, set to music and sung!

"Ancient" and "modern," as terms applicable to vocal composition, were examined, and authorities quoted as to the line of demarkation between ancient and modern music, with some inquiry into the tendency to decline at certain periods both as to music and the drama; in confirmation of which a very curious coincidence was cited from the critical remarks of Pope, as to the vices in musical and dramatic taste and execution of eighty years since, and those of the present day. In proof of the latter, the lecturer stated that the English public are *to-day* enraptured at, and extol to the skies, the talents of Paganini, because the powers of his instrument are, under his treatment, *universal*. His violin is a whole orchestra in itself. "*To-morrow*," said Mr. Philipps, "we are equally enraptured, and full as acclamatory, with the merits of a Russian horn-band, because each performer plays *only one note*." The lecturer stated that, with the multitude, the difficulties of musical performance formed the great excellence, while the facile capabilities of execution were unnoticed, adding Dr. Johnson's recorded exclamation to an admirer of great difficulties, "Would, madam, they were impossible!"

Among many illustrative anecdotes the lecturer produced a fragment of ballad-writing, presented to him some years by Mr. Moore, and lately completed for musical composition by a young lady, to whom the authorship of the second stanza belongs, and who is one of the rare instances of

imitation excelling the *imitated* ; as, in these lines, is certainly the case ; though, we think, they admit of a little amendment.

“ Oh ! have you not seen when the morning was breaking
 A white cloud come over the sky,
 That seems like the eye-lid of day just awaking,
 And shows that his splendour is nigh.
 So faint and so dear were the kindling advances
 By which o'er my bosom she stole,
 And I thought by the light which escaped from her glances
 That love would soon dawn in her soul.

“ Oh ! have you not seen, when the sun was declining,
 The rosy tints die on the wave
 That late with the beams of his glory was shining,
 And lived in the splendour he gave.
 So faded the joy that had glowed in my heart,
 By fancy so fondly inspired ;
 Soon I read in the cold look which bade me depart
 That my last gleam of Hope had expired.”

Having shown the mode in which fragments of lyric poetry may be completed to form them into songs fit for amateurs or professional performers, Mr. Philipps stated that melodies deficient in characteristic or harmonic variety in their original state, might, by the application of modulation in the accompaniment, be transformed into canzonets for the cultivated practitioners of the German compositions, by whom the composition would be condemned without such addition. The air chosen for the illustration was that of “ *In the dead of the night* ;” the poetical subject of which is from Anacreon, and the effect of the harmonic additions to the original English air, as beautifully sung by the younger Miss Brandon, was conclusive of the truth of the lecturer's position.

The display of *false taste* in music, indicated by the liking of what is actually bad, the lecturer commented upon in satiric terms ; upon street minstrelsy in particular, and upon the abuses of management in English musical performances, telling us of an Italian professor who had visited this country, and quitted it in disgust on witnessing the performance of an equestrian melodrame, and the Beggar's Opera, with the male and female characters reversed ; and who had stigmatized us as “ savages, whose principal characters in tragedy were played with horses, and whose *prima donna* of the opera was a fat man with a black beard.” The concluding subject of criticism was modern sentimental song-writing. The lecturer read a communication from a literary friend, Mr. Pool, we suppose, as his name is attached as author of the song which forms the illustration, and is entitled “ *Sentimental Sadness*.” The letter describes a musical party at

which the writer was present, when a tall, stout, dark-complexioned gentleman, whiskered, moustachioed, and bearded like the pard, warbled a namby-pamby song, expressive of "*a wish to be a butterfly.*"

The chief recommendation in Mr. Philipps's lectures and their claim to literary support, is, as he tells us, the close combination of poetical delivery and musical effect in his principles, and their *practicability* he proposed to prove by the performance of himself and his pupils. My hearers, said he, are not tormented with unintelligible trash or vulgar delivery, but oratorical delivery will be justly associated with vocal performance and syllabic accentuation with musical composition. The conclusion of the lecture consisted in a remark, that from the support of the literary body generally is to be expected that reformation of the errors stated, and the establishment of an English vocal school, on English good taste, which, the lecturer asserted, are but different names or different parts of the same thing; "good taste" being a liking for that which is truly excellent, and "school" the means by which that excellence is promoted.

Judging by Mr. Philipps's opening, we have expectations that these lectures must, by uniting instruction with entertainment, be calculated to benefit those who attend them, and that the principles laid down by Mr. Philipps must have a good effect as applied to the instruction of his pupils and their consequent progress in the vocal art, which, in its present state in society, does, according to what this gentleman has already shown, require much investigation for the purpose of improvement; and judging from the manner in which he has, thus far, treated his subject, we must say that Mr. Philipps appears to us eminently qualified to complete the task he has undertaken.

THE LEADING NEWSPAPER PRESS.

THE EXAMINER.

GENERALLY speaking the *Examiner* is an excellent paper, both as to manner and matter; but it evidently proceeds upon the belief, that the great changes which are necessary in this country could be brought about by *gentle* means, if the holders of the reins of power were sincerely desirous of seeing those changes effected. This is, doubtless, the reason why we find the talents of the editor almost continually employed upon matters which we consider of minor importance when put in comparison with those on which the *permanent* interests of the country

depend.—The *Examiner* is entitled to especial approbation on account of all that part of it which is independent of politics. As a *Weekly Newspaper*, it contains the best information, conveyed in the best way. Its literary part is performed with most ability and most genuine taste. As a source of mere amusement, it is far more rational than any of the rest; and, while it is never wanting in entertainment, it never condescends, in its representations of life, to bring Merry-Andrew or Jack-Pudding on the stage.

THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

We are afraid that this paper must be classed with the *Examiner*. There is an evident affinity between the minds of the conductors of the two. The *Morning Chronicle* has, indeed, along with the *Examiner*, supported the cause of Reform both honestly and powerfully. Honour, therefore, to whom honour is due. And, as the *Morning Chronicle* will, we fear, soon find that the present men do not intend to propose the measures indispensable for our full relief, we are not without hope of seeing its energies, which are great, directed to the accomplishment of those further reforms which the declarations of the Ministers have made necessary.—This paper is eminently prone to abstract theory and philosophical speculations. Though it be true, that where there is *smoke* there will be *fire* also, we do, in this case, frequently find ourselves involved in the one without any flame from the other bursting forth to enlighten our darkness. The editor, as a wit, is sometimes happily sarcastic; as a man of reflection, he is not less sagacious, so long as he is content to explore his proper element. See him out of that, and, though sometimes strikingly correct, he is, more commonly, strangely erroneous. Like all divers in the deep, he is apt to miss the precious object he plunges for: the *Chronicle's pearl*, when brought ashore, but too often turns out to be worth not a pea.

THE MORNING HERALD.

The *Herald* is liked by many persons, because it is "a thorn in the side" of the *Times*; not only as a rival for *profit*, but because it frequently performs the easy task of exposing the contradictions and absurdities of that paper. As to its *politics*, if the writer knows what they are, he has taken care (perhaps less through *art* than *innocence*) to keep the secret to himself. He deals a great deal, in general phrases, on the duties of governments, &c. &c., but is at present entirely undecided as to any particular side or party. We should say that his ponderous columns would lean towards the side of the Conservatives, if that party had not entirely *destroyed* itself. That destruction, however,

does not necessarily exclude the probability of his Conservative bent : though the impetus of his valour be not of that kind which made Bojardo's hero continue to fight after he himself was slain, the *Herald's* powers of perceiving are such that it may consistently cry "Let live !" in defence of others *defunct*. This paper, as respects comparative number in *words* and *thoughts*, appears to be about the extreme opposite of *multum in parco*. The original cause of preference in its favour consisted in that extension of corporeal *length* and *breadth* which afterwards gave the newspapers the name of "broad-sheet." Its *thickness*, of a purely spiritual kind, was always unbounded. The *Morning Herald*, we remember, first attracted its modern readers by a series of *police reports*. They were too taking with a certain class of people not to ensure a sale. Our respect for civility in language prevents us from expressing all the disgust those "reports" excited in us. The great want in the *Herald* is of something to keep *interest* alive. In this it is more deficient than any other publication we know. If you ever by chance meet anything in the *Morning Herald* to rouse you above the medium of your spirits, its leaden "leader" is sure to contain other matter of weight under which you must, unless naturally very buoyant, be depressed to the bottom of their scale.

THE TIMES.

As this paper always makes it a point to be on tolerable terms with "the powers that be," it is, of course, generally more or less informed as to what is *hatching*. Thus we find it just now putting forth its *feelers* upon the subject of *Church Reform* ; we find it proclaiming that the reform is to be of the most searching kind. This is to satisfy the clamorous for abolition of tithes, and to make an impression favourable to its patrons, as the advocates of reform ; but, as it really wishes to prevent all reform, in order to conciliate those who profit by abuse it announces that the *rabble* (that is, the *working people*) will be disappointed, for that no diminution of the total amount of the Church revenue will be made. Even in a matter of religion, in which the souls of the people are concerned, the *Times*, as in all others, thinks alone about that big *body* which a repeal of the stamp law would quickly reduce to a natural size. The *Times* generally contrives to have two articles on the same subject, the one conveniently contradicting the other ; so that upon any subsequent emergency either can be referred to as the case may require. *Proteus* has long been its hackneyed appellation. Protean it is. Yet, in one respect, the *anonymous* monster differs essentially from the fabulous :

" — neque est te fallere cuiquam "

must be said with exceptions. Deep as it is in its study to deceive, the

old *Times* is not quite proof against deception. So it knows. With that caution which grows out of the experience of harm arising from rashness, this knowing one takes the double care not to venture too far a-head, not to be left in the lurch. Hence you find it for ever *treading on your heels with its toes*, or, *on your toes with its heels* ; if it is sometimes side-long, that only happens while it is *wriggling its way round, backwards or forwards*. All at once the *Times* slipped in front as a "Radical;" but back it soon dropped again to its position a-heel, inventing, in the course of transit, "*Ultra-Radical*," a term by which to *save its right* of making another shift! *Faith, Hope, and Charity*, seem to be the cardinal objects of its aversion. It joins all that are rising into power; betrays all that are declining. Like the false credit whence it has obtained its importance, it is "*strength in the beginning, and weakness in the end*." There is hardly an atrocity that it has not applauded, nor one of those with whom it has been accomplice in crime whose tortures it would not aggravate at the day of punishment. It is a swaggering bully, the proudest to be in your train till misfortune meets you, but the surest to decamp when it sees you arrested; and lucky are you, though deserted, if the movement of the backslider be not announced by a *back-handed blow*! Professing to deprecate what it loves to do, it is the first to call "*Murder!*" though the first to *commit* it. Though having none of that ardour of pursuit which sometimes leads the conscientious astray in the cause of right, it has no sort of hesitation to do wrong, providing *that be certainly acceptable*: the most cool to propound an argument, the quickest to countenance a measure, the most anxious to urge the necessity, for a spilling of blood. Though *never sanguine*, still *always sanguinary*. If, most especially, there be some poor creature whose only hopes are placed in the expectation of a fair trial, and whom its cunning looks upon as *likely to die*; then there is an alacrity about the *Times*, a freedom of action, a disposition to dispatch, a gladness and a going to work in good earnest, which do not commonly belong to it. It *then* anticipates, by its own conduct, the worst that others can possibly have in design; takes the lead, with impatient delight, towards that to which human nature proceeds with slowness and a shudder; not satisfied to leave the law to take its course, it forces its way into the dismal cell, fixes its claws in the defenceless accused, lugs him forth, and, cursing and kicking and spitting venom at all who would interpose, sticks him up on its own frightful gibbet (the unwarranted Jack Ketch!), before even *speedy justice* has had time to consider whether he be guilty or innocent.—It would be too long to say all the *Times* is like. Thus much, however, is *like the Times*; and what a picture, O sweet Mercy, however *imperfect*, it is!

THE TRUE SUN.

We sincerely hope that this honest paper will not be suffered to become one of the "*brave, alas! in vain.*" If it had done no other good, it would have done enough in showing, as it has, by its struggles with death, what a truly *deadly* tax is that of the stamp. To think, that the paper, above all others, which *every* reformer would like to read, should, in these times of reform, be nearly obliged to relinquish a hold which it ought, *for our own sakes*, to have on us! But, as it is with the *able and industrious poor*, so it is with those *friends* of theirs, whose efforts are made through the press. Friends and befriended, however, will both soon find relief; a ministry of "*reformers*" never can discover reasons for the continuing of a law which has, *more than any one other*, promoted the abuses which have required this reform. The *True Sun* is ably written. We seldom read anything in it that we can object to. If objection ever be, *motive* in the writer is, at all events, never questioned by the reader. There is no affectation to be seen in it, nor any half-hidden falsehoods giving rise to suspicion.

THE STANDARD.

This is the high *Tory* paper. We are, nevertheless, not without a liking for the *Standard*, because its readers find in it what everybody likes, a great deal of cleverness. The editor has too much sense to employ it as he does, and be, at the same time, *sincere*: it is apparent, that his real convictions are, upon most points of importance, pretty nearly the very reverse of what he says. The *Standard's* writing is not, as some think, of a merely superficial order, and he is, certainly, the most generally engaging, the most straight to the mark, sprightly, and humorous of them all. In the race he undertakes to run, he is, now and then, necessarily driven to make desperate *bolts* from the course which true logic marks out. We have often laughed to see him when he is obliged to take notice of a *sound argument* with which he would fain have nothing to do. Pinched between the strict parallels of a syllogism, like a dog with a cleft stick, he does not, however, run off as common curs do in such cases, but manages to claim some honour from the disgrace by the sportive mode in which he deals with his difficulty. The *Standard*, moreover, is endowed with one negative blessing, which, now-a-days, is a *great* one. He never wears out your patience before he has disposed of the subject to which he draws your attention; never has a *dull* article.

THE COURIER.

If you would know what ability and what views are to be found in the *Courier*, you have but to consider what are those of the existing govern-

ment itself. If you are acquainted with the latter, you need not look into the *Courier* to see what that paper is. This is the *hack*, which each succeeding administration bridles and saddles at its own convenience, and with which each has "a ride;" and when the rider gets off, not "a tie" of any kind is needed, with this nag, who is so well broken in to his business as to be safely let loose till the next cavalier is astride.

THE GLOBE.

Good or bad, you have nothing *original* here. Observe the *sexflua flumina* of the *Times* for one week through, look in the waters of each murky stream, take notice of the objects borne along in the morning's flood, turgid with what the elements of mischief have contributed to it during the preceding night; turn to the *Globe* of each evening following, and you will see that this is, at best, but a *branch* of the great over-swollen river. But, "*satius est fontes petere quam sectari rivulos*" is a good maxim: if you must watch any such dirty waters at all, you may as well confine your inspection altogether to those of the one they first come from. The *Globe*, then, is the same, only in a smaller way, as the *Times*. The contents of its cup are derived from the dregs of the other one's urn; its *bowl-dish* is filled by a shake-up of his *bucket*. †

THE FLIGHT OF ISRAEL.

A FRAGMENT.

A THOUSAND steeds and riders bold
Are ranked in battle's proud array,
And countless banner-staves unfold
Their glittering streams of burnished gold
To meet the morning's ray.

The trumpet's brazen voice is loud,
And spear and shield the sun illumines;
In closing bands the soldiers crowd;
The chieftain cheers his charger proud,
And shakes his wavy plumes.

Egypt is up—her men of war
Are harnessed in their mail of might;
The warrior mounts his battle car,
And twice three hundred whirl afar
To track the wanderer's flight.

Away—away—with falcon flight
 They leave the peopled lands ;
 The desert spreads before their sight
 Where cloudless glows the sun and bright
 Upon the burning sands.

Through gorge and parching plain they bear
 Where dwells no living thing :
 The lonely bird that wanders there
 Faints as she flaps the sluggish air,
 And dies upon the wing.*

Daylight is gone—yet still they speed
 As swiftly as before ;
 Nor midnight sees them check the steed,
 Till near the sea whose waves recede
 Before Arabia's shore.

The boast of Egypt's King is high—
 The vaunt is in his mouth—
 "Attackah's barriers northward lie,
 "Gewoubee rears its summits high,
 "And hems them on the south.†

"Etham is ours—we hold the vale
 "Through which the slaves have past :
 "Away—that on the morning's gale
 "May rise entangled Israel's wail—
 "We've hemmed them in at last."‡

They come—they come—
 See, see the sabre flashing through the gloom,
 And the deadly scythe from out the battle car,
 And the lance-head glittering like a baleful star
 Portending Israel's doom.
 Hark to the rolling of the chariot-wheel,
 And the neighing of the war-horse in his ire,
 And the fearful straining of his hoof of steel
 Spurning the mountain flint that flashes fire.
 Hark to the booming drum,
 The braying of the trumpet and the boastful cheer
 Pealing in horrid echoes on the frightened ear—
 They come—they come.

* "From the ever-memorable scenes of the valley of the Nile, we cross narrow gorges and sterile plains covered with sand, where even the serpent and the lizard cannot find subsistence and where no bird dares to extend his flight."—*Malte Brun*, vol. 4, p. 92.

† "Whilst they were removing towards Bedea from the edge of Etham wilderness, and going through a narrow pass between the mountains of Gewoubee and Attackah."—*Shaw's Travels*, 4to, 1757, p. 300.

‡ Exod. xiv. 3.

They come—they come
Now, now they've clambered up the gorge's height,
And for a moment in its rugged jaws
(Like a fierce mountain torrent, gathering all its might
In one huge billow ere it burst its banks at night)

They pause—
Pennon and scarf and gallant plumage fair
Spread out and fluttering on the mountain air
Like ocean's whitening spray.

Hark ! to the hum,
The cheer, the charge, the bursting battle cry ;
Rider and steed and chariot headlong fly
Down, down the mountain way
They come—

The cry of rebellion is loud on the air,
And Judah has turned from her God in despair,
For the hearts of her people are troubled with fear,
As the roll of the ocean wave falls on their ear.

"Has Egypt no graves where a bondsman can lie
That thou lead'st us away to the desert to die,
Is the scourge of our master, the chain of our liege,
More hard to endure than the sea in its rage ?"

"Ye shall flee not away—ye shall draw not a sword,
But stand ye unmoved in the strength of the Lord,
For the foe that exultingly revels before
Ye have seen them to-day—ye shall see them no more."*

Deep yawn the ocean's billows wild,
Its depths disclosed are seen ;
The lashing surge sinks calm and mild,
The mighty waves in walls are piled,
And Israel walks between.

Onward the vengeful Pharaoh flies
Mid Egypt's chivalry ;
The mists of Heaven close round their eyes ;
The greedy waves receive their prize,
And roar around in glee.

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• • • • •
• • • • •

Slowly and chill the morning spreads
Its light along the lonely shore ;
The billows lift their whitening heads,
The waves are in the cavern beds
Of ages long before.

* Exod. xiv. 11—14.

See where the surge for ever raves
 Against the rugged coast,
 The sea-bird screams along the waves,
 And smells afar the timeless graves
 Of Egypt's once proud host.

The high of heart, the strong of limb,
 The brave, the young, the fair,
 The rich attire of lordly trim,
 The gaudy pennons slined and dim,
 Strew o'er the rough beach there.

Around the warrior's dripping crest
 The dank green sea-weeds twine,
 The hauberk rusts upon his breast,
 His face is swollen, his lips are pressed
 Against the whelming brine.

His faithful steed lies bleaching by
 With housings torn and stained;
 His girths are burst, his head is high,
 The pang of death is in his eye,
 His limbs are wildly strained.

Deep is the gloom o'er Memphis' halls,
 The dance is still, the song is hushed,
 The guardian god neglected falls
 High from his northern turret walls
 Unheeded in the dust.

But Israel's priests are loud in praise
 Of Him who routeth man and steed;
 Their joyous tones the timbrels raise;
 Their maidens dance to gladsome lays,
 From Egypt's bondage freed.

J. F. W.

ON THE PRESENT STATE OF THE COUNTRY,

WITH REGARD TO THE DEBT AND THE TAXES.

IN all the affairs of life, whether in relation to those of individuals or of the public, the *real* motive for action is seldom, if ever, avowed. The great mass of mankind are guided by *fashion*; and we all know on what slight grounds a fashion is taken up. Inclination to follow the fashion is not confined to dress or amusements, but extends to opinions on the gravest subjects. This reflection is a source of great consolation to those who have, for a long course of years, entertained, and promulgated for conscience' sake, opinions, not only unpalatable to the public, but so

directly opposite to the "smooth things" which others were "prophe-sying," as to bring upon the promulgators calumny and persecution without a parallel. For, after what we have lately witnessed, and are now witnessing, with regard to the cry for *Reform*, is there not reason to hope, that, when those who shall have the reins of power in their hands shall find it impossible to practise delusion any longer, they will set about these practical reforms, without which the theory they have given us would be a nullity? If we should see a king, through his ministers, recommending to the parliament such a reduction of taxes as would enable the labourer to eat untaxed bread, and drink untaxed beer, hundreds of thousands who now, because it is not yet considered as a fit subject for the contemplation of kings and ministers, are either indifferent or hostile to it, would then be amongst the loudest in praise of the good king and his patriotic ministers. And if anything like this should take place (and take place it *must* in one way or another), the question of the *Debt* must be immediately met. The day on which that question shall be discussed in parliament, not passionately, but coolly and deliberately discussed, will be the dawn of England's deliverance.

The progress of public opinion with regard to the debt, since the memorable event of the Bank-stoppage, is curious and instructive. At first it was held to be almost high-treason to doubt of the ability of the government to pay off the debt; and a minister of state declared, in his place in parliament, that the great difficulty was, *how to prevent its being paid off too rapidly!* This opinion prevailed for some years, when it was displaced by another, directly opposed to it,—that the fundholder was merely the owner of a transferable annuity, and that he never had a claim for the capital originally lent. This new opinion was received by the public at large with every mark of approbation. Nay, the inability of the government to pay off the capital was considered as *adding to the value* of the annuity.

We are now approaching the period when another change may be expected. Public bodies, as well as individuals, show a great facility in yielding to *necessity*. The Duke introduced the measure of emancipation, because he could no longer withhold it; and the two houses passed the measure, because they did not think it safe to refuse. Lord Grey brought forward the Reform Bill in obedience to the will of the people, which had been expressed in accents so loud and so decided, that that power which had heretofore had the audacity to call itself "*omnipotent*" could not resist it. And is the present determination of the people to be relieved from the taxes which press them to the earth, which deprive them, not only of the comforts, but of the necessities of life; is their present determination less fixed, than in the two cases above-mentioned? We hold it

to be impossible for the next session of parliament to pass over without a great reduction being made in the amount of the taxes ; and we maintain that it is equally impossible to make such reduction, without, at the same time, making an " equitable adjustment " with regard to the interest of the debt.

We are perfectly aware of the outcry which has been raised by interested men against this proposition, and of the effect which has been produced by their calumnies, upon the minds of many well-meaning persons ; and we willingly encounter any share of obloquy which may fall to our lot in consequence of the avowal of our opinions, conscious of the rectitude of our intentions, and of the soundness of the doctrine. But, after all, is it anything new ? Is a proposition of an " equitable adjustment," with respect to the debt, new ? The mere phrase is, perhaps, new ; but, in substance, it is almost as old as the debt itself. Every statesman and every public writer, of the last century, who was not directly interested in its continuance, deprecated the existence of the debt, and predicted ruin from it, if allowed to continue. At a very early period, according to *Hume*, " A scheme for the payment of our debts, was proposed by an excellent citizen, Mr. Hutchinson, and was much approved of by some men of sense, but never was likely to take effect. He asserted, that there was a fallacy in imagining that the public owed this debt ; for that really every individual owed a proportional share of it, and paid, in his taxes, a proportional share of the interest, besides the expense of levying these taxes. Had we not better, then, says he, make a distribution of the debt among ourselves, and each of us contribute a sum suitable to his property, and by that means discharge at once all our funds and public mortgages ? *He seems not to have considered that the laborious poor pay a considerable part of the taxes by their annual consumptions, though this could not advance, at once, a proportional part of the sum required.*" *Hume* was quite right in saying that the scheme " was never likely to take effect." No, indeed ; those who were profiting by the existence of the debt, were not very likely to have any great tenderness for the " laborious poor," the fruits of whose toil they were devouring. This is the touchstone. A slight examination of the items of revenue will convince us that so much is paid by the " laborious poor," that, to give them relief, a great and sweeping change must be made. That change is about to take place : not from a regard for the sufferings of the " laborious poor ;" but, because the middle classes, who hitherto have been, to a great extent, *particeps criminis* with the higher classes, begin to feel themselves sinking into the vortex of general ruin. The interest of the debt, together with the expenses of " management," requires more than *thirty millions* of pounds sterling to pay it ; and, con-

sequently, requires the produce of all the customs and excises, including the duties on malt, hops, soap, corn, butter, cheese, wines, spirits, tea, sugar, and various other commodities (too numerous to mention). And who pay the greater part of these thirty millions? Who but the laborious poor? In every way the poor, and those just removed from actual poverty, are made to bear the principal part of the burden of taxation. In the article of wine, even, this is observable. The duty is at a certain rate *per gallon*: the consumer, therefore, who consumes wine at about thirty pounds the pipe, first cost, pays about 100 per cent. in duty, whilst the rich man who consumes that, the first cost of which (we mean the cost in the Docks) was sixty pounds, pays only 50 per cent. Compare this 50 per cent. duty with the five or six hundred per cent. which the middle and the poorer classes pay upon their beer and their spirits. And then ask the reforming ministry whether they think the people will or ought to be satisfied with their "Bill," as a final measure, even if it were divested of its detestable *disfranchising* clauses? Whether the creditor ought to be satisfied with a mere *promise to pay*? We have endeavoured to meet the question fairly, and we trust that those who differ from us will not cry out *robbery, spoliation*, and the like; but will endeavour, by facts and arguments, to show that we are wrong.

Intimately connected with the question of the debt and the taxes, is that of the Bank charter. As far as regards the ministers themselves, no great change will be proposed; for they will find the Bank, as it now is, quite as necessary to the continuance of the system, as the existence of a large army in Ireland is necessary to the preservation of tranquillity in that *wisely* and *justly-governed* and *happy* country. But a House of Commons truly speaking the sentiments of the people, of the industrious middle classes and the "laborious poor," will demand the repeal of the act which PITT procured to be passed in the year 1793, empowering himself and all future ministers to borrow money of the Bank *without consent of Parliament*. A reformed House of Commons will doubtless do this, and also institute a rigid inquiry into all the transactions which have taken place between those two immaculate bodies, "The Government" and the Bank, since the memorable year 1793, before they agree to grant a new charter, or to give any power whatever to a body influenced as, by their own evidence, the Bank directors appear to have been.

Upon the whole, we do not expect from the present administration the measures necessary for our relief: on the contrary, we expect them to oppose such measures when brought forward by others. But the state of the country is such, that *temporizing* can no longer be pursued by any ministers. During the progress of the Reform Bill the people ex-

hibited an *apparent* apathy; but it was only apparent, as the enemies of that measure soon after found out: it was, in fact, disgust at the wavering of the ministers, and at their evident disposition to yield to the opponents of reform. Let the ministers come forward with measures calculated to give effectual relief; and, as in the case of the Reform Bill, the people will bear them triumphantly through, and enable them to set all their enemies at defiance; but if they imagine that, by joining the notorious enemies of the people's rights, they can set the *people* at defiance, we trust that the reformed House of Commons will speedily show them their error. But even in the event of this house failing in its duty to the people, we should not despair; on the contrary, we should put our trust in the energy of those who compelled the great Duke to *retreat*, and his successor to propose the Reform Bill. Every consideration of policy as well as of justice must urge upon the ministers the necessity of a prompt decision with regard to the measures to be pursued; and if they are not prepared to give the people the just fruits of the bill, but intend to oppose their reasonable claims, and to disappoint their reasonable expectations, they are preparing for themselves disgrace and humiliation such as it would not have been possible for any body of men to be subjected to, without being themselves the instruments.

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BANIM'S NOVELS.

"Our seniors at the bar, within the bar, and even on the bench, read novels; and, if not belied, some of them have written novels into the bargain: they are seen peeping out from under the cushion of a judge's arm-chair."
—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THOUGH there can be no sort of doubt that the present age will be remarkable in the annals of our nation, the close reasoners of the day are by no means generally agreed as to its principal characteristic. We are told by one great man that the Philosopher, by another that the Schoolmaster is abroad; by one, that the lofty spirit of the time is an angel of improvement, by another, that he is a devil of destruction: let what will, however, be abroad among us, it is sufficiently manifest that the practice most at home, at our firesides, most familiar to our heads, and most present to our hands, and thus most claiming to designate this fortunate space of time, so blessed by the presence of wise people, is the relaxation, the employment, I had almost said the science of novel

reading; and let no one, in the boldness of his heart, presume to deny its claim to this just though somewhat lofty-sounding title. If eating be a science, which but exasperates our liver; if dancing be a science, which but accelerates our blood (and who so bold in these days of fricandeau of pirouette, as to dare but to insinuate a doubt), shall we call by a meaner name that which lightens our hearts, freshens our spirits, and brushes the carespun cobwebs of life from the corners of our imaginations? The ennui of the peeress—the labour of the scullion—the toil of the judge—the poring of the student—the anxiety of the man of business—the lassitude of the man of pleasure, all seek, though some unseen, the same fertile source of relief. So that the perhaps occasionally too glowing eulogy applied by a sentimental writer to a wife, “If thou art sick, she shall cherish thee; if thou art weary, she shall solace thee; if thou art sorrowful, she shall mourn; if joyful, she shall exult with thee: her place is at thy side, and her home is in thy bosom”—is amazingly more true of the last new novel, in three volumes (price one pound eleven and sixpence). There are some, it is true, who, from the narrowness of their plebeian souls, take the most contracted view of the subject, and are apt, in the richness of their ignorance, to imagine that amusement is the sole end and the entire benefit to be derived from this occupation. Let such “listen to the words of the wise and perpend.” Let them consider to their confusion, that as we are acknowledged to have arrived at the very highest point of virtue and morality, such merits can only have been derived from the very ample instruction we have so agreeably and therefore effectually received: for will any person whatever or wheresoever, write or read any book, treatise, or essay, or any part of ethics or morality, theoretical or practical? Whereas, on the other hand, would you seduce a wife? *Falkland* shall teach you to do it with gravity and dignity.—Would you murder? *Eugene Aram* shall show you its necessity for the public advantage.—Would you rob? *Paul Clifford* shall convince you of the injustice of security, and of the abominableness of the safety of a purse on a moonlit night. *Long Ned* shall teach dexterity with an air that only the heart of a hangman could resist, and the sage Augustus enact Plato in his fetters.—Would you eat? turn with *Henry Bertram* and *Dandie Dinmont* to the round of beef, and though you were an alderman on the 10th of November, you shall have an appetite.—Would you drink? *Friar Tuck* is the jolliest of companions.—Would you dance? dress-and-drawl *Pelham* shall take you into tuition.—Would you wriggle, feign, lie, fawn, and flatter? the wise *Sir Andrew Wilie* shall instruct you to crawl upward, without the slime betraying your path.—Would you yawn, doze, sleep, or dream? *Cloudesley* shall do it for you in the space of the first volume.—Are you in love? *Sayings and Doings* will teach your young

idea to kiss your mistress in the manner most alamode.—Are you rheumatic? Cooper's *Water-works* will show you heroes, descended lineally from mermen, who bear duckings with impunity, unsolaced by a dry shirt.—Would you live? would you die? for what is there not an appropriate instructor? nay, would you even go to the devil (for tastes are so various), there are not wanting works, which might serve as well for guides to the infernal dominions as many tourists to the countries they explore. The different classes into which this branch of our literature has divided itself, the national, the instructive (dreadful word portending weariness and woe), the sentimental, the satirical, the pathetic, the fashionable (which we intend to examine as soon as we shall have completed a course of lectures on animalcula), with many more, “as thick and numberless as the gay motes that people the sunbeams,” it is not necessary at present to advert to, as the foregoing remarks have been suggested by the perusal of the letter detailing the destitute condition of Mr. Banim, the author of many well-known and popular works, and who is one of the founders of a class of novels well deserving a distinguishing name, and the merits and peculiar characteristics of which are worthy of inquiry, to enable us justly to decide on what grounds Mr. Banim has an equitable claim on the national sympathy and assistance; not as a deed of beneficence only, but as a repayment for benefits conferred on the public, in amusement, in the abolition of prejudices, and the cultivation of kindly and harmonious feelings among us. The “Irish Novels”—what an infinity of expression is occasionally comprised in a single word! what a host of feelings and passions arise around at the epithet “Irish!”—A country of mingled gaiety and distress, of daily tumult and nightly outrage, where murders and burnings, indolence, disease, and famine, familiar as household words, combine “to break the heart of patriotism, and make bold power look pale.” And what a creature is the genuine wild Irishman—governed by impulses, even in the wrong, mingling mirth with his misery, jesting with his threats, his right-hand extended to all, either open in friendship, or closed to strike, with a head, whose best definition is a fitness to be broken, a heart, which though warmed by many a kindly feeling, owns none so genial as the desire to break the aforesaid head in another, and which, once warped from its warmer bent, its milk of kindness once soured, suggests only bloodshed, lawlessness, and outrage. That this sketch, though gloomy, is not overcharged, though repulsive, is not unlike, will be perhaps allowed; and though it suggests a feeling only of dread and disgust to the delicate and cautious, care to the statesman, and of sorrow to the admirers of the happiness and welfare of their fellow men, it must be confessed that the strong contrast of light and shade, the incongruous mixtures of the ludicrous and the horrible, together with the dis-

cord, uproar, and whirl, of so many and fierce opposing elements as this chaos of society contains, must furnish abundant materials, which, used by a vigorous hand, and blended by a mind capable of bringing into prominence all that is interesting, and sinking into judicious relief much of the vulgar and coarse, cannot fail of producing such works as will make a strong impression, and outlive generations of the ephemeral puny lackadaisical nothings in which feeble intellects and gossamer feelings so exclusively delight. That Banim has taken the full advantage of all these, perhaps we may call them adventitious circumstances, a reference to his writings will immediately prove. It is only necessary to name the *Boyne Water* and the *Croppy*. The one a masterly delineation of the gradual yet irresistible manner in which the holy bonds of friendship and of love, even in hearts the very fountains of truth and honour, are unknit and broken by the operation of national tumults, differing interests, and opposing religions. The other, a stern and fearful picture of honesty, uprightness, and domestic peace, goaded to the fury and atrocity of a demon, by tyranny, oppression, and crime. These merits of portraiture and national individuality are possessed by Mr. Banim in a degree that would render his writings most fascinating and himself eminent, did he possess no others: he possesses much more—he has that one quality, the most rare, the most valuable, the most effectual of all, which, by an electric touch makes vibrate the hidden chords of our feelings, and seems to give a new impetus to all that human machinery in which we are most “fearfully and wonderfully made.” This quality, for want of a better and more distinguishing name, has been called “dramatic power,” not from any connexion or relation with the drama of the present day, with which indeed its acquaintance is of the most distant character, but because in the “olden times,” less wise doubtless and refined than the present, it was believed to be the point of excellence in dramatic composition, and to which some folks (perhaps in their dotage) of our days have dreamt, that the plays of Shakspeare are principally indebted for their magical influence, their never-failing popularity, their glorious and immortal fame. As in these exquisite times there are very many otherwise meritorious persons afflicted with the disease of asking questions, and afflicting others by pertinaciously requiring answers to the same; as this secret may prove of some advantage to many a writer at present greatly distressed for merits to compensate for the want of it; as we have a grievous national debt to the French for some millions of translations for our stage, and as it is the duty of every good subject to exert his utmost endeavour for its liquidation, “and for many other as of great charge;” it is desirable to give some account of what this “most potent, grave, and reverend” faculty really consists of, premising only, that, if the analysis be particularly dull,

readers must be good enough to believe in the words of a celebrated author, that there is an admirable design in it.

Dramatic power, then, is the ability of placing characters of strong minds and stormy passions in situations of great excitement, and of causing them so to express and conduct themselves, that their words and actions shall not only impress on our senses the intensity and conflict of their feelings, but shall also bring into action that hidden and inscrutable sympathy of our own natures, which shall, for the time, make us sharers in their deeds kindred with their feelings, and parties in their thoughts, in a greater or less degree, according to the quickness of our own sensations, and the quantum of susceptibility we may possess. If this be the true definition of this mysterious quality, its extreme rarity ceases to be matter of wonder; as there can be no possible standard for its estimate, as its possession can only be known by its effects, the quality itself must be intuitive, often possessed unknown to its owner; and though of immense power over the minds of others, very questionable as a source of happiness to the mind that owns it. Let it always, however, be remembered, that the dramatic action is not as persons so situated naturally conduct themselves; for mankind naturally conceals all these workings of its spirit; mankind does not "wear its heart upon its sleeve;" the words, the ideas of a passage, which, like Ithuriel's spear, call up the spirit-angel or demon in our souls, and must always be such as would be used by no human being, as the world is now constituted, in the same circumstances. To be dramatic, is to be essentially unnatural; it is to show what nature hides; what exists, but what exists unknown; to explore as it were the undiscovered countries of the soul, and to hold to our gaze its often horrible novelties, its treasures, or its wants. It is not nature unveiled, as the print to Boydell's Shakspeare has it, but with the glass of Momus inserted in her breast, that we may gaze awestruck and wondering at her marvellous working and construction.

That Banim's works possess this power, of course, admits of no further proof than the existence of such belief in the minds of his readers; but we would fain ask of such of the gentle public as are after Sterne's own heart, and read, contented to be pleased they know not why, and care not wherefore, whether they have not experienced a more thrilling, a more energetic gratification, if they have not felt a more exclusively intellectual pleasure, a keener and more engrossing enjoyment, than they could account for, by the originality of character, or interesting development of story (though both of these are great), in the works of this highly-gifted man. If this be granted, and who can remember "*The Nowlans*," or "*The Smugglers*," and doubt an unanimous assent; then do they possess a quality purely mental, an immateriality of interest, which will either

prove the point we are desirous of pressing, or some other unanalysed quality equally valuable.

In the present lamentable circumstances by which poor Banim is involved, the air of gloom and melancholy which hangs over the heroes of his principal stories is now accounted for, and cannot fail to invest both them and him with an additional interest. The man who has written so much, and yet "not three subsequent pages unpressed on by severe bodily anguish," and from his life of struggle, who can tell by how much mental anxiety, can scarcely have been expected to give a very joyfully buoyant tone to the creations of his fancy. His heroes are generally by nature rather reflective than active, urged to energetic life by the circumstances around them; not easily made violent, but, like Othello, when made so, "perplexed in the extreme," exerting in the fulness of strength passions and impulses that had slept within them, till, to borrow from Byron's simile,

"Flashed the strength of their mind
From the black cloud that bound it."

His females, on the other hand, have all that delicacy and softness of portraiture, which always form the beau ideal of the sex, in men the least devoted to it; they are not Lawrence's ladies, elegance refined, till (shall we dare to say it?) they approach to insipidity; still less are they Morland's peasants, mere creatures of unpolished rusticity; though, perhaps, somewhat unadorned, they are undebased, possessed of that quiet purity of spirit, that endurance, yet elasticity of mind, to which a danger, near or distant, looks alike, and which perhaps gives the nameless charm that every one has discovered in *Jeanie Deans*, in the same breath with whom I fear not to name *Peggy Nowlan*, two national portraitures sufficiently individual and unlike to deter all suspicion of imitation, and yet agreeing in those mental peculiarities which, acting on the very differing temperaments of the Scotch and Irish peasant, have produced two parallel creations, a sisterhood of extraordinary beauty.

One more point it may be necessary to touch upon: the local descriptions interspersed throughout his works. It must be confessed, that there is a sort of cormorant disposition, a kind of outbreaking of the animal-devouring instinct among us, which makes us feel with amazingly little charity towards these portions of the books of any author. "The proper study of mankind is man," will doubtless be repeated with infinite emphasis, in opposition to any pleading in their favour; yet perhaps it may be permitted that, with infinite humility, some tinge of reason, some shade of apology, may in humanity be urged for these *Paria Castes* of the writer's limitless kingdom: some stress might be laid on the necessity to

an author of resting and baiting places, in the long and arduous journey, through three volumes octavo, on the extreme cruelty of keeping Pegasus continually on the road, and on the application of Mr. Martin's Act to the case; but that no reader, however philanthropic, ever cares three straws for the difficulties of his author: his business is to amuse, and if he fail to do that, the vital principle of his existence ceases, and he is at full liberty to slide from remembrance, as an animal does from its life in the not too humane experiment of an exhausted receiver. An argument, therefore, to be listened to, must be founded on purely selfish principles, and one such there is, in the necessity of some intervening vehicle, between the various kinds of emotion which every work written professedly for amusement either does or intends to excite. Without some such protecting medium, how abrupt, how violent, would the transitions of the author appear! The conclusion of a chapter exciting pity, would be in immediate conjunction with the beginning of one exciting fear; indignation, awe, grief, and every other agitation which the author intends to produce, would be jumbled together in as close, yet inconvenient neighbourhood, as a Tory and a Radical in a stage-coach; and would be about as harmonious as rival candidates on the same hustings at an election. The author, therefore, who understands the use and advantage of these passages, will be careful not only to interpose them between conflicting states of feeling, but will also shadow them down into connexion and proportion with each, will make them the connecting and graduating links

“ From grave to gay — from lively to serene.”

This Banim has well and effectually done; one instance may suffice: who does not remember the description of the *Black Valley* in the *Nowlans*, where Peggy waits for an interview with her husband? It may also be noticed that his descriptions possess a beauty and a value as lively, sketches of a country, picturesque and romantic, but little known.

To those who concur in the above hasty review of Banim's merits, who consider him an ornament to literature, and an honour to our age, little, we trust, need be said to excite commiseration for the deplorable state to which he is reduced; and if every person blessed with affluence would repay but on the most moderate scale the pleasure received from the exertion of that intellect, which has left him in poverty, and worn him to the grave, how instantly, how effectually would he be relieved! It must be so, it cannot be that those who throng to raise a monument to the dead will deny bread to the living. He is young, he shall again be able; and from the stores of a mind, arrived at maturer strength, repay you, in intellectual wealth, a thousand-fold your outlay. Give, then, and give quickly, and it shall bless him that gives and him that takes; for

though the age of labour seems commenced among us, though our judges die of fatigue on the bench, our writers in their closets, and our children in the workshops, there is yet enough of liberal and grateful feeling left to forbid that Banim be left to perish on a foreign shore, and a mind that might have reached the loftiest flights, be cast away, abandoned and unaided by those whose cares he has relieved, whose leisure he has amused, whose hearts he has amended, and whose intellects he has enlightened.

THE DUTCH WAR.

ALL the wit of the newspapers has been insufficient to make this subject a lively one; and all their profundity insufficient to make it interesting to the public. The *Times* has absolutely surpassed, in its virulent abuse of the Dutch King, the efforts in the same way of its former editor, Dr. Slop, against the French Emperor. But all will not do. The King of Holland seems determined not to be the aggressor; he seems to content himself with keeping the questions in dispute in a state of abeyance, and paralyzing the efforts of England and France, until a favourable opportunity shall occur for his good allies, "The Three Great Powers," to step in and settle the Belgian revolution, and the French revolution, both together.

The part which England has acted in this farce, is altogether so disgraceful, that it would be difficult to find words to describe it, and hardly discreet to use them if one had them at hand. She has been playing at "fast and loose" all through; and, in the end, will probably please neither party; or, more properly, will displease all parties. Her true interest lay in standing aloof, and allowing the Belgians to take their own course, which would have been one of these two, namely, either a junction with the French, or a republic: most likely the latter in the first instance, and finally the former. If this had been done with the concurrence of England, would the despots have dared to interfere to prevent it? And if they had, would not the French have been prepared to punish them for their presumption?

The real state of the case seems to us to be this: the revolution in Belgium was the immediate fruit of that of France; and was probably organized in concert with those who *first* took the lead in Paris after the "three days." The republicans of France, who set up the old hucksterer, Louis Philippe, doubtless expected to become his ministers (simple souls!); and as they intended (as the people do here in regard to the Reform Bill)

to have practical results beneficial to the nation, they calculated upon having to encounter the hostility of all tyrants, big and little, in every part of the world. At the head of this hostile array, they of course expected to find the Emperor of the Cossacks; and, accordingly, they lost no time in organizing a conspiracy against him on his own territory. This was so far successful as to prevent his appearance on the Rhine in the spring of 1831, with his "clouds of Cossacks," as Bonaparte described them in one of his bulletins; and, doubtless, induced his Russian majesty to acknowledge his brother of France, which he had previously refused to do. There can be no doubt as to what would have taken place at this time, if our "Hero" had not made that unlucky speech in parliament, which led to his retreat from office. The well-known attachment of himself and his party to the principles of the holy alliance, and their foolish (to call it by no harsher name) jealousy of France, would have led them into measures, the certain consequence of which would have been a general war. Whether their more decided policy would or would not have been better than the temporizing of the present men, we shall, probably, soon be able to judge.

The change of ministry here, and the consequent uncertainty in which the despots were involved, as to the course this Government was likely to pursue, under the *altered circumstances* in which it was placed, led to the "PROTOCOLLING" affair, as the only means of gaining that delay of which the despots now stood in need. Our newspaper writers in general have a happy knack of making a subject confused, which, without their interference, would be clear and intelligible; but on this occasion they have surpassed themselves. The *Times*, which is the belwether of the flock in every thing that is mischievous, has led the way in this instance. Every topic, but the real one, has been dragged into the discussions upon this question; making it daily more and more complicated. Every person of the least discernment has seen, from the outset of this affair, that the King of Holland has been a mere instrument in the hands of the "three powers;" and that those powers will allow of no "settlement," until they shall have made an effort to put down the French people. An attempt in France itself to effect a *restoration*, will probably be the signal for the despots to move. A free government in France cannot coexist with despotisms surrounding it: it is, indeed, incompatible with the existence of a large standing army such as that country now has; and the French people must encounter all the sacrifices of another struggle, or submit to the most degrading of tyrannies, a tyranny carried on under the *forms* of law and justice.

Here we see the sources of all the embarrassments in which our Government is involved with respect to this Dutch war. We behold the

spectacle of two governments, those of France and England, acting in concert, though each is opposed to the declared will of the people committed to its charge. We see them both, though *professing* popular principles, sacrificing the interests and the honour of their respective nations, to gratify the declared enemies of human liberty. Strange as this may seem, it is not difficult to account for it. The oppressors of the people of England know that a *real* revolution in France, would be followed by "cheap government;" and that cheap government in France would be immediately followed by "cheap government" in England; the thought of which has more terrors for them, than "plague, pestilence, and famine;" evils against which they can protect themselves.

All their "protocolling" and intriguing, however, will fail: the breach is too wide to be healed: the jarring interests cannot be reconciled; and, above all, the despots will never *quietly* permit the people of France to establish that freedom which they are resolved, at whatever cost, to obtain. The proceedings of a reformed House of Commons, too, will probably be such as to widen the breach. Whatever may be the disposition of "His Majesty's government" towards the continental despots, the representatives of *the people* of England must desire to see the French nation reap the due reward of its unparalleled struggles for freedom; and must, consequently, desire to see it triumph over those despots, who will never rest until they have again deluged the soil of France with the blood of her heroic people.

The commercial branch of this question we leave to the newspapers: we leave it, especially to the *Times*, which understands it so well, and states it so fairly. We leave it to the *Times*, which, a few days ago, recommended the ministers to take off the embargo, because its continuance caused butter and cheese to be dearer, and thereby increased the sufferings of the poor; whilst every merchant engaged in the trade, knew that both butter and cheese were lower in price, in this market, than before the embargo was laid on. We content ourselves with beseeching the ministers to beware how they plunge this country into a war in which it has no interest, and which every consideration of sound policy would induce them to avoid.

SCENES IN THE SISTER ISLAND.

NO. I.—DENNIS DONOVAN'S TRIP TO LIMERICK.

It was towards the decline of a lovely autumn day, somewhere about the month of September, in the year—but of what consequence is the year, or why need I be particular as to the date in describing scenes which are unchanging in a land where much has been changed, or in adverting to the traditions, prejudices, and affections, of a people, who, far removed from the sapping stream of innovation and the macadamized route of the English traveller, are but little, if at all, influenced by the spirit of improvement and civilization, which silently, yet rapidly, is spreading around them? I entirely coincide, therefore, with the worthy Irish divine, who declared, in quoting rather an apocryphal text from “Saint Genesis,” that, “as to the chapter and verse, it is no matterification at all about it.” Well, then, as I said before, at the decline of a lovely September day, my knapsack on my back, and a genuine shillelagh in my hand, did I find myself at the foot of a short, steep hill, which overhangs the picturesque little village of Ballinderry. The sun was half hidden behind the summit of the hill, as I quickened my pace along the narrow by-road,—which, in the true spirit of Irish recklessness, ran straight up its side,—in the hope of gaining a view of the day god at his setting. The race was almost one between us, and, by the time I had reached the highest point of ascent, he had leaped all across the wide expanse of waters that suddenly burst upon my view, and was slowly sinking behind the blue Connaught hills that reared themselves gently from the opposite shores of “LOUGH DEARGH.” It was a glorious sight—but you know all about a summer sunset; you have, doubtless, seen it in England, and read of it on Geneva, and dreamed of it on Como, and shivered—I mean only with terror—at the thoughts of its sultry sway o’er the sandy wilds of Araby—yet still, as an Irishman, I will maintain, as I am bound to do, though I have never followed him through distant climes, that a holier heaven, or fairer earth, lovelier lake or land, never met together to greet him as he sank to slumber. Beneath my feet lay the little village embowered in fir groves, with its rustic mill and snug miller’s house, while the streamlet, shrunk by summer heats, winded like a silver thread through the centre of its forsaken and pebbly channel, and farther on, the gently curving shore swept round the margin of the waters, now breaking the rippling surge with a rocky fence of loosely piled limestone, now fringing the waters with a margin of brightest verdure; while on its north-eastern verge, which ran far out into the waters, stood a noble castle,—noble even in this land, rife with the

lordly towers of days gone by. The hand of time had yet scarcely touched its shell with decay; and as the eye wandered across the waters to the opposite shore, another, though more ruinous pile, indicated that in the days of Ireland's strength, these two guarded, like giant sentinels, the Lough—while here and there, in the bays of the shore, lay the pleasure-boats of the neighbouring gentry, their tapering masts and slender spars standing out from the unclouded sky, and then the lake itself, with its broad bosom glowing in the sun-blush.—But I will describe no more; indeed, I have lost my character in this way, ever since I mistook one of Raphael's trees, or rather a copy from it, for a wig stuck upon a churn-staff. So, having admired all that I have mentioned, and a great deal more, I set forward for the village, my heart filled with rapture, and my stomach as empty and lank as a greyhound's.

Mine host of the St. Patrick was in especial good luck, and consequently good humour on this evening. He stood, or rather leaned, for he was considerably out of the perpendicular, with his left shoulder propping up and sustaining the front of his whitewashed mansion, which leaned lovingly forward to repose its glories upon the master, while over his head dangled on iron hooks, from out, a projecting pole—not a tithe-proctor or a gauger, but the effigies of the blessed St. Patrick himself, in high puff and full pontificals, his right-hand grasping the wondrous staff of Jesus, and his left stretched out with an air of affectionate expostulation towards a rabble of vagabond serpents, who, despising the vulgar rules of terrestrial gravitation, stood coiling up from off their tails in easy undulations, and appeared earnestly debating the subject of expatriation with the Irish apostle.* While the *artist* had, in an abortive attempt at perspective, crowded, round the head and shoulders of the patron saint, swarms of warriors in red coats and cocked hats; and, still higher again above these, divers puny ships of war, riding on pea-green waves; all combining to represent, by a pardonable anachronism, the celebrated battle of Clontarf. As for Larry Hennigan himself, he was a personage by no means unworthy of selling beer and potheen under such high and holy auspices.

* It is said (with what truth I leave to the consideration of learned antiquaries) that St. Patrick expelled serpents, toads, and all other noxious animals out of Ireland, by the efficacy of the staff of Jesus, which he received either immediately from our Lord himself, or from the hands of a solitary called Justus. This staff is said by St. Bernard to have been covered with "gold and precious gems," and was preserved with religious pomp, as one of the chief relics of Ireland. It was translated, as Giraldus Cambrensis remarks (*Topog. Hiber.*, cap. 34), together with the text of the Gospel used by St. Patrick, from Armagh to Christ's Church, Dublin; and there it was burned, with other relics, in 1538. (See "Life of St. Patrick." Dublin, 12mo, 1743.) Our island certainly enjoys an immunity (by whatever means effected) from all reptiles *below* the grade of humanity.

He was a lank, thin-shanked, hard-featured, withered, little old man ; a battered caubeen * tottered on the pinnacle of what was once a very dashing goat's hair wig, from the lower extremity of which sprung up a red whiskey-fed bottle nose, the bloom of its blossoms standing out in high relief and agreeable contrast to the wintry desolation of the rest of his physiognomy ; but his little black and deep-set beetle eyes were still as keen and as merry as ever, dancing perpetually up and down, and from one direction to another, in all the agony of anxious and insatiable curiosity. A great-coat of grey frieze, or, as it is usually called, a riding-coat, secured at the collar by the only surviving half-covered button-mould, grasped him round the weazand, and flowed in a graceful negligence down to his heels, while his arms, released from the bondage of its sleeves, were thrust crosswise into his bosom. But the garment of greatest grace and most admirable structure, was one which, taking its rise from his loins, ran down his wasted legs, and terminated some inches below the knees, but which, being loose both at the upper and lower extremities, seemed like the miraculous tomb of Mahomet, suspended between heaven and earth, without any visible means of support. This vesture, being made of corduroy, emitted, whenever he walked, a shrill, a sibilating sound, which procured him amongst the wags, as I afterwards learned, the soubriquet of " whistle-breeches." A pair of blue worsted stockings without feet, and strong nail-studded brogues, completed the attire of mine host of the Saint Patrick. A little in front stood Jerry Minahan, the pump-borer,—if he could be said to stand who was almost dancing with the energy of argumentation, as from time to time he struck his clenched right fist into the open palm of his left-hand. He was evidently in fierce debate upon some irritating topic, either of legislation or divinity ; and, as I watched the testy jerk of his head, and the peevish agitation of his body, and listened to the shrill vociferations of his cracked voice, now at the very top of its pitch, I thought I never beheld a more antic animal. His rusty black coat, cassimere breeches, and leather spatterdashes, were begrimed with the marl and yellow clay through which he was constantly burrowing, while, surmounting the whole man, a brown paper cap, such as is commonly used by smiths and carpenters, sat perched upon his head. But the figure enclosed in these habiliments was that which claimed my utmost admiration. In this, all symmetry was outraged ; nature utterly set at defiance : his limbs were twisted out of their directions, or wrenched from their sockets, and each individual member, as if animated with a principle of centrifugal repul-

* A pet name for an old hat.

sion, seemed ready to start away from the common centre. Jerry had, in his earlier days, been in a corps of sappers, or, as he would himself inform you, "artifeecial miners," and vaunted much of his campaign in Holland, and the attack upon "Bergin Bassoon." In these military services, as well as in his after occupation of well-sinker, he had been so often blown up and knocked down, so bruised and battered, and mangled, and bedivelled, that the mother who bore him would not recognise the fragments that remained. Opposite to Jerry, on a rough stone bench, sat his antagonist Jack Madden, or "cheap John" as he termed himself; the joy of the heart and light of the eyes to all the wives and girls in these retired regions; the planet whose erratic orbit was the only link of communication between such pigmy stars and the mighty sun, and who happened, at this auspicious moment, to be in conjunction with the village of Ballinderry; in one word, the pedlar or "thravelling man."

As the flame of disputation waxed fierce between these champions, it was moderated by the timely but ludicrously pedantic interruption of Mr. Cornelius Sullivan, the schoolmaster of the district, aye and watch-maker and astronomer to boot, which was sufficiently exemplified by a little dropsical silver watch, which, by the aid of a brass chain, he pompously drew from time to time out of his fob, as also by the slate sun-dial which reared itself from out the middle of his cabbage garden.

The group was completed by the tall and loosely-moulded form of Dennis Donovan, who was busily occupied tracing figures in the dust with the toe of his pump, and, in a half-shrewd, half-simple manner, occasionally cracking a joke or raising a laugh amongst the party.

I had opportunity enough to make many of the foregoing observations as I walked leisurely up to the inn door, and the rest of my information I acquired during the few days I remained in the neighbourhood of the "Lough."

The earnestness of the conversation enabled me to escape notice for some moments, but the vigilant eyes of mine host, in one of their frequent excursions, detected me, and instantly made my presence known to the party. Larry, with an eye to business, asked "if I would be wanting anything; that as for meat an' dhrink, an' for the matter of lying too both for man and baste, he had as good as anybody might desire." I replied that I required all those accommodations for myself, but that beast I had none to share his hospitality. This, delivered with a smack of the Dublin accent, and accompanied, I flatter myself, with something of a gentlemanly air, readily obtained for me a more distinguished reception. Mine host bowed and bustled, the pedagogue drew himself up to his full height as he noticed me, Jerry Minahan contrived

to gather himself together so as to perform a tolerable salute in a semi-military style, and Dennis put his hand to his hat, a mark of respect which I have seldom seen omitted by the lower classes of the Irish.

"Would your honour fancy a room to yourself?" said Larry in a hesitating and uncomfortable manner that strongly implied he had not such a luxury much at command; "or may'be you'd like to have somebody to sit with you, as 'tis but a lonesome thing for a gentleman to be looking up at the rafters and nobody to spake to him?" I relieved him of his embarrassment by saying I should certainly prefer his company, as I wished to make some inquiries concerning the neighbourhood.

"You won't be staying long in these wild parts, to be sure," pursued Larry, endeavouring to pump me; "may'be you'll be for drawing a picture of the Lough below, tho' 'tis seldom any one does that; or may be you'll be going to see some of the quality hereabouts; an' be bringin' 'em news from Dublin?" I perceived at once the drift of his questions, and thought that the sooner I relieved myself from the suspicion of being a spy or a "Sassenagh," the better. I therefore stated my good Milesian name, and my intention of visiting the beautiful scenery of Lough Deargh. This intimation at once removed the doubts and opened the hearts of the party. "By gor then 'tis yourself that's welcome a thousand times over: glory to my sowl if myself did'nt take you for one of them chaps that's going through the country taking the *senses* of the people; and, by gor, so it does take our senses, and dhrive us mad to be watched like laying hens, as if a body dar'nt have a wife or a child but they must be puttin' it down upon paper."* So saying, my landlord preceded me into the only *reception* chamber of the inn, in which I made it a point that he would entertain his other guests. We all accordingly followed him into the aforesaid room, Larry having first expelled a big, black pig with a smart kick in the ribs, that produced a sudden and violent singultus, and sent her grunting to the kitchen. It would be needless for me to relate how excellent a repast I made, in the course of which I dispatched one of the delicious red trouts for which the lower Shannon has been immemorially celebrated. Those who know my powers on such occasions will feel no doubt that I did my duty—they who have not that knowledge would care but little for my cravings. Suffice it to say, that the operation was performed in something about the usual length of

* The opposition given by the lower class of the Irish to all persons employed in taking the census is scarcely credible, and can only be accounted for by such feelings as those I have described; naturally arising from the *suspensions* of a *suspected* people. In many instances the commissioners were obliged to perform their duty under the protection of a military escort.

time, after which I addressed myself to a tumbler of my landlord's very best whiskey punch, and applied my now-undivided attention to the conversation, which chiefly turned on political subjects, tithes, taxes, Daniel O'Connell, and "bringing the Union."

"Well to be shure that I may never sin if ever I seen so ilegint an article as that," said an unhealthy, consumptive-looking man, who, I afterwards learned, was a tailor, and had a short time before joined the party; "by gor, thim that's used to the like of this wouldn't be able to smoke out of a doodheen anyhow;" and he surveyed, with great admiration, a silver cigar tube which I had just laid on the table. "Och! man dear, 'tis ilegint shure enough, and that's its name, but myself seen far more ileginter ones in the shop windows in Limerick," said Dennis Donovan, looking at it with the careless air of one used to see finer things. "Arrah thin you're welcome to town, Dennis," said the pedlar; "in the name of God what come over you that you must thravel off to Limerick wid yourself?" "Oh, as for that matther, Mr. Madden," retorted Dennis, "I have as good a right to see it as yourself; shure the road is as open to me as to you any day of the year; but the devil have me though if I didn't go every foot of the way lookin' for the little donkey, an' that's as thrue as if I kissed the book, an' many's the strange things that happened to me before I came back again." I now expressed a great desire to know something of this adventure, and begged he would gratify me with a recital of it. "Faith an' 'tis I that will, sir, wid all the veins in my heart; an' while your honour's smokin' your pipe at the fire, we'll make so bould as to sit round it; so come an' draw your chair hither, Peter Hoolahan, an' don't be standin' there in solitude, barrin' you want to rest yourself; an' after all, by gor, I b'lieve standin' or lyin' is the most nath'ral way of restin' one-self, an' not to be bent in three like the handle of a grindin'-stone, or to sit huddled up from mornin' till night upon a board, like a cat on a kitchen table. Why then, sir," continued Dennis, turning round to me, and clearing his voice with a hem, "'tis a mighty quare story, shure enough, but as thrue as you're sittin' there. One winter's evenin', when the cowld an' the frost was mortal bitter intirely, and the divil a sod of turf, good or bad, was in the cabin (because you see, sir, as bad luck would have it, the summer was very dry an' beautiful for goin' on the bog; an' so, whin the turf was cut an' saved, we thought we might lave it there a start longer till the hurry was over, an' thin the hay came in, an' while we were mowin' the weather broke, and the rain came tearin' down like cats an' dogs, so away we ran back to the bog, but by gor 'twas as soft as butthermilk, an' would'nt bear a lark to thravel on it, let alone a horse an' car; an' so you see we lost our turf, an' the sorrow much the better the hay was of the soakin' anyway); well, sir, you

see, says Nancy to me, 'Oh by this an' by that,' says she, 'this 'ill never do Dinnis, look at the fire,' says she, 'the devil a spark is on the flure at all at all.' Tare an' ouns, says I, shure enough, an' us not like to get a bit to ate till the pot is boiled. Run away as fast as you can to Larry Flannigan's for a kindlin', an' myself an' the ass will go ask Nick Donohae for the loan of a kish of turf. Well away we were both scamperin' for the bare life, whin, lo an' behould you, hell to the sign of the ass was in the scrub. Arrah blood an' ounkadeers, * says I, Nancy, where the seven devils is the little donkey gone? 'Where is he gone, is it you say?' says she, 'faix I dun no' where he is gone, barrin' he went over to Shawn Flaherty's big ditch to ate a han'full o' furze.' By my sowl, 'tis'nt there he is anyway, says I, for the devil a stick of that but he ate long ago, an' no blame to him for it, an' Shawn cut the remainder of it wid the billhook ere 'isterday, to make scollops for the tatcher. Arrah, the curse o' Crom'ell on you this blessed night, says I, for a rovin' baste; I'll ingage 'tis into the wheat-field you're gone wid yourself (for it jist came into my mind, sir, that the gap was niver minded since sowin' time), an' the dickens a grain of it but you 'll destroy wid your ugly hoofs, is'nt it a mercy o' God that it is'nt ripe; if it was you'd be attain' of it. So, in I ran to the wheat-field, an' there, shure enough, was his handwriting all across it, till he came to the ould stile at the borheen, but the chap was clean gone, all as one as if the good people whipped him away, God betune us an' harm. Well, whin I seen the donkey missin', I was in a tearin' tantrum intirely. Oh, by the mortal o' war, 'tis off through the country he's ramblin', an' if I don't take a short cut after him round the fields, there's no knowin' when I'll get a-head of him." You must have been sorely perplexed, Dennis, said I, taking advantage of the first pause in the story, caused by his fervent adoration of the punch jug, to know which road to choose for that purpose, as I suppose the donkey had his choice before you. "Oh, God help your head, sir," said Larry Flannigan, "lave Dinnis alone for that; he's the boy, I'll be bound, that took the right road: shure your honour never seen an ass go one way that another would'nt follow him? 'tis the one way o' goin' they all have, more especially if a body pulls 'em by the head." The rustic laugh was now raised long and loud against Dennis, who, however, bore it with

* I must, once for all, claim the indulgence of the English reader for the frequent introduction of this indispensable and emphatic garniture of Irish conversation (for swearing it can scarcely be called, where, in general, no idea is attached to the expression), and protest, that all those rhetorical flourishes which I use are genuine and unadulterated. The pedigree of the present one may be traced with more veracity, though far less ingenuity than that of King Pippin, from the Greek pronoun *δαίμων*, by Horne Tooke; viz. blood an' wounds; blood an' ouns; blood an' ounkers; blood an' ounkadeers.

great good temper, being determined, as he said, "to give Larry more than he bargained for." "Howld your cackling, you ould gandher, an' don't be intherruptin' a body in their story; shure you'll larn it all, if you let me tell it my own way; but the divil the nearer you'll be to it if you be ketchin' at the end before one is half through the beginnin', for all the world like a dog jumpin' round after his own tail. Thru for you, sir," continued he, addressing himself to me, as he resumed his narrative, "I was fairly bothered intirely, an' at an amplush* what way to turn myself. Well, I stopped a moment to argufy wid myself which was the best road to be joggin', so says I to myself, 'tis just as fair toss up which way the thief is gone; an' it is'nt luck at all to be goin' nigh the churchyard after nightfall, when the ghosts an' sperrits an' good people, God betune us an' harm, are out; an', at any rate, if 'twas in it he was, 'tisn't long the parson—the Lord reward him for it—would lave him there, for he's the boy that would put him to keep safe an' snug for me in the pound; an' that just reminds me that I can take a look into the pound at once, to save throuble, as I pass by it in the other road; an' moreover, I can turn into Moll Hurley's sheebeen house, an' take a glass to warm me this cowl'd night. So wid that, sir, away I started for the pound, but the divil a sign of a baste, let alone an ass, was in it at all at all. Well, says I, there's no good in standin' here in the cowl'd, lookin' for him up an' down all over the pound, so I went on again till I came to Moll Hurley's. God save you, Moll, says I; 'God save you kindly, Dinnis,' says she, 'tis good for sore eyes to see you, Dinnis, more betoken at this hour o' the night; what's the matther at all that you're wanderin' about like a throubled sperrit?' Give us a toss o' the cretthur first, says I, thin I'll be takin' to you, so wid that she brought it to me in less than no time. Well, says I, here's a health to the great O'Connell, an' that he may soon bring back the union. But, Molly Acushla, you wouldn't be after seein' the little donkey going the road? 'By Ganneys,' says she, 'tis myself that see a thinker an' his wife dhrivin' two o' thim by the door betther than an hour ago, an' like enough one of 'em was yours; thim sort of people is light-fingered enough when anythin' is to be got for the takin'.' Oh, by the mortal frost, says I, 'tis thru enough for you; what the divil right would they have to two asses, barrin' they stole one of 'em? Oh the murtherin' villains! wait 'till I ketch 'em, an' if I don't show em play for it my name's not Dinnis. Well, by gor, you see I began partly to guess I was in for a long run of it, so I buttoned the riding-coat about me, for 'tis seldom we go without it, summer or winter, an' took the brogues in my hand, because you see they cramp a body desperate bad

* Nonplus.

when he's in ahurry, an' away I started after the tinker, as fresh as a four-year-ould. Howsomever, to make a long story short, I thravelled on all night in the dark without ever gettin' a sight of man or baste; an' just as the mornin' began to break, where should I find myself but at the oak grove, a little beyont the four roads of Ballycarrick, an' right fornent * me, about a stone's throw, I seen a little ould man, an' he dhrivin' a donkey before him. May I never see glory, says I, but 'twould be a good joke if it was my own poor baste that this ould chap is puttin' his comohether upon so mighty slyly. Hollo, says I, honest man, would'nt you wait a bit till a body comes up alongside you? Where the divil did you get the beautiful ass, says I, puttin' my hand upon the back of the baste? 'What the blazes is that to you? or what call have you to him?' says he, bristlin' up, an' lookin' mighty wicked intirely. I humbly beg your pardon, says I, a hundred times over, the divil have me if I did'nt think that same donkey that you're dhrivin' was another one aletogether, but now I see plain enough he is'nt, because mine had a bit of a blue garter tied round the but of his tail, when it was cut wid the crupper, an' shure I'd know him all the world over by that same token. 'Well,' says he, 'you'd bettur know what you're about the next time you stop any dacent body, an' whin you meet an ass in future, go round to his tail if you can't swear to his face;' an' wid that he turned into a little paddock off the road-side, an' left me to make the best of my way by myself. Well, sir, as the day began to wear on, I met a deal of country people, all goin' in the same direction, just for all the world as if they were goin' to a fair, wid horses an' cars, aye an' asses too, but by gor, myself was gettin' 'cute, an' I looked at their tails before I said a word, but the divil burn the rag was on one of 'em. Howsomever, I began to take heart at last, for shure I thought I could'nt but get some tidings of him, as he would be hard set to pass by unknownst to so many people without their seein' him. An' I was right enough, for the divil a one I asked could deny but they seen him passin' on before 'em. Well, lo an' behould you, as I went along, the cabins began to grow nearer an' nearer, an' higher an' higher, till a last, by the holy farmer, they were all in a mob, an' every one as big as the ould castle of Reilbeg; an' then there was such crowds o' people, an' bellowin' o' cows, an' screechin' o' pigs, an' play actors, an' tables o' gingerbread, that the sight left my eyes. Och, by the powers o' pewter, 'tis in Dublin I believe I am; blood an' ouns, how will I ever get back home again? What strange place is this, at all at all, sir, says I to a mighty dacent-lookin' gentleman that was settin' fornent a fine big scales. 'Why, my good fellow,' says he, 'where the

* Opposite.

divil were you caught? Shure 'tis the Irish-town,* what else would it be? Oh you'r ewelcome to your fun, says I; shure I know myself 'tis an Irish town; is it a Frinch town you'd persuade me I was in? don't I know very well that Ireland is an oisland o' the say, an' shure the divil a bridge I crossed since I left Moll Hurley's last night, barrin' two or three mighty little ones intirely. So with that he began laughin' an' jeerin' at me, an' as I see a crowd o' chaps gatherin' about us, by gor you see, I thought it my best play to show 'em the seams o' my stockings, so I walked away mighty dignified-like intirely. Well, at last I crossed over a bridge, an' then I came to a mighty beautiful airy street, wid cross roads through it, every twenty or thirty perches on, where all the quality were, an' there I stood, walkin' up an' down like a centry-box, not knowin' what way to turn myself. Well, at last, as ill luck would have it, I began to feel bloody hungry an' dhry, an' jist as I was thinkin' how to get a bit to ate or a dhrop o' comfort without the throuble of payin' for it, who the divil should walk by, with two grand ladies under his elbows, but the parson of our own parish. So says I, I hope your worship is in good health: I'm exceedin' proud to meet your reverence in these foreign parts. 'Excuse me, my honest fellow,' says he, seemingly displeased at my stoppin' him, 'I totally disremember you.' The more is the pity, your honour's glory, says I, for I was jist goin' to borrow a couple o' thirteens, till I get home to Ballinderry agin. 'Oh, mighty fine,' says he, 'I'm shure you're an imposture, an' if you aren't, 'tis little tithes I get out of my parish at any rate,' an' wid that he whipped away the ladies as fast as possible."

"You might as well dhraw blood out of an oyster as copper out of the pockets of thim chaps," said Larry; "Aye, or lift wather forty feet thro' a pump wid one sucker," added Jerry; "Or dhrive a camel thro' the eye of a cambrick needle," said the tailor, for the first time throwing in his oar; "Or calculate a sun-dial for a farthing candle," quoth the schoolmaster, determined to give the finishing stroke to this climax of impossibilities. "Wid great respect to your better larnin', Mr. Sullivan," said Dennis Donovan, "I dun no' why you couldn't tell the hour of the day wid a farthin' candle, aye, or a rushlight, when the sun or moon isn't out to let you see it; shure 'tish't in the sun that the hour o' the day is, no more than the watch that's in your hand is in the candle there." Corney Sullivan was evidently irritated and disconcerted by this bold denial of his dogma, and was preparing an angry reply, which I endeavoured to

* One of the principal entrances into Limerick from the county of Tipperary is through the "Irish-town," which was a century ago a place of great fashion, and occupied by the gentry. These have, however, since that time, removed to the "new-town," and abandoned the former to the lower and poorer classes of their fellow-citizens.

avert by expressing my conviction of the justice of his observation, and my belief that Dennis had sinned through sheer ignorance. "That's thrue for you, sir," said Dennis, "shure I wouldn't go to set myself up agin a scholard." "Well, I am quite satisfied with that preliminary observation that you have introduced," replied Corney, "and this gentleman knows the difference of what I say. Because, sir," continued he, appealing to me, "as I make no doubt you well understand, the sun goes through the twelve signs of the zodiac every day regular, an' 'tis thim that gives us the hour lines for the dial, which we can calculate, either by double false position, or by findin' the cube root of the polygon of the sun's course. For that matter, I invinted a way myself to involve them by decimal fluxions, but 'tis mighty intricate, an' few people comprehends it." The pedagogue, seeing me completely floored by this sudden irruption of hard words, soon recovered his good temper, and with a look of affected moderation, which ill concealed the vanity of his heart, concluded, "After all, sir, what should these poor people know about such things, God help them, or what good would it do 'em if they did? Shure myself that's a professor can't do much more than keep a rag upon my back, an' I must ate an dhrink like any other man, that never saw the hypotenus of a right-angled thriangle." "By my sowl, an' that's only the real truth for you," said the pedlar, "so let us have no quarrellin' or argufyin', but take our liquor like quiet dacent people; an' 'tis it's the good stuff that the gauger—(bad luck to him!)—never put his thumb upon;" so saying, he lifted a tumbler of reeking *scaltheen* * to his mouth, and setting it down again (though considerably lightened by the journey), with a smack of ecstacy, broke out into the chorus of an old drinking song,

"The devil roast the gauger!
The devil roast the gauger!
The devil roast the gauger!
And baste him wid potheen."

"Tell me, Dennis," said I, endeavouring to lead him back once more to the thread of his story, "what was the finest thing you saw while you remained in Limerick?" "Faith then 'tis myself will do that same wid a heart an' a half, tho' 'tis no aisy job either, where 'twas one thing more wondherfuller than another. But by gor, two things that I seen bate Banagher an' Banagher, bates the divil. As I was walkin' down Patrick-street, one day, I heard the finest music that ever you see in all your born days, comin' out of a shop where they sowld fiddles and

* This celebrated Hibernian nectar, which was brought much before the eyes of the Irish public on a recent trial, is composed of whiskey (potheen to prefer), butter, milk, sugar, caraway-seeds, nutmeg, and "a little wather," all boiled together.

fifes, an' the divil blow the word o'lie I tell you bet I seen a man, that they towld me afterwards was Pat Corbett the musicianer, sittin' on a stool before a table all covered over wid little bits of black and white sticks, an' his two hands was tearin' away like the hammers o' hell an' takin' tunes out of it, for all the world like Jim Delaney's bagpipes, only that he hate Jim blind; an' every now an' then he took out a gimblet an' began to bore a hole in the table seemingly: and what was more than that, there was a thunderin' big fiddle standin' up in the corner that would set Uschar, the joint* himself, if he was above ground, to clap it under his chin, an' by gor I think 'twould take the rafter of a house to make a bow for it. Well that was very good, but by the mortal o'war I think the other sight I see flogged it all to nothin', an' that was one Mr. Glover the watch-maker's. Ah, that I may never sin but I b'lieve he had all the watches an' clocks in Ireland, in the windows, and lying in heaps inside the shop, just as common as pavin' stones. 'Tis as thrue as the gospel, Mr. Sullivan, for all your lookin' at me, as if I was tellin' a bouncer; aye, an' I know you'll open your eyes wider at what I'm goin' to tell you, but no matther for that either, the devil pursue the hour or minnit o'the day from mornin' till night but you'd get on one or other of thim clocks or watches ready to your hand." "Tis a wondher that you staid so long in Limerick away from your family, an' they not knowin' what the hell became of you," said the pedlar. "By my sowl thin 'tis quite mistaken you are, shure 'tis well I'm here to day; 'twas a mercy of the Lord that I ever found my way out of it. One day when I was walkin' up an' down very sorrowful intirely, thinkin' how in the world I'd make my way out of it, for the divil a mother's son could tell me what direction to take—(bad'cess to 'em for a set of stupid dhrones!)—who do you think came ridin' up against me but young Mr. Eagan, from the Shannon side. Well, may be I did'nt run up to him in the peelin' of a praty. In the name o'Jasus, says I, Mr. Eagan just put me once fair on the road to the ould place, an' may I be made a pinkeen of if ever I put a toe in this rat-trap of a town agin during the rest of my blessed life. 'Why what brought you here at all at all then,' says he, 'an' how long are you in it that you are in such a hurry to get away?' So with that I told him all about myself, and, says I, there I'm as good as a week here, an' the divil may fire the one could show me where the road was breakin' out to Ballinderry.

'Well, I thought he'd dhrop off of his horse laughin', an' the tears was runnin' down out of his eyes. 'Why you omadhawn,'† says he, 'you

* Giant.

† Simpleton.

might as well ask the people to show you the way to Jericho.' Thim was his very words. So he took me out of the streets an' put me on the fair open road once more ; damn the stop I stopped, night or day, till I was nigh home ; but just as I turned round the corner of the churchyard, what did I see but the little donkey himself wid his head out over the stile lookin' at me, 'an' the dickens a thought of him ever came into my head till that very moment." "I suppose," said I, "he remained there ever since the night you first missed him?" "Faith, sir," said Dennis with a look of the slyest humour imaginable "that's just what I'm thinkin'."

PHILIM O'CONNOR.

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MR. O'CONNELL AND REPEAL.

IN the last number (No. IX.) of the above work we read an article entitled "*Irish Political Leadership*," and in that article, along with much else of the same nature, there are the following observations relative to Mr. O'CONNELL :—

"We have said there was one man whose character and services placed him above all rivalry as a *leader*. Even the worst enemy of Mr. O'Connell is not blind and bigoted or hardy enough to deny the extraordinary ability and skill evinced by him in his direction of the public mind. In truth, he is unequalled as a popular leader, and it betrays as much ignorance as audacity to decry the *honourable pre-eminence* he has achieved. * * * * * At this moment his power in Ireland is more supreme than was ever before attained by any individual in any country by similar means. Others have won power by dark intrigue, or by the sword, and retained it by both ; but his is moral,—*real*, power gained openly and peacefully, and exercised guiltlessly. To describe fully the career by which he acquired this power would be to write the history of Ireland during more than thirty most eventful years. Young, and unsupported by such connexions as could render him any essential service, he entered at once on the pursuit of the arduous professions of law and politics. A *patriot*, he found his country prostrate in the defenceless and spiritless exhaustion of an ineffectual effort to shake off its yoke by force ; he judged wisely, that such miseries as he witnessed should never be risked even for freedom, and he resolved that his path should be that of peace. A member of a proscribed creed, he found his brethren a powerless, despised, party, though forming *the nation* in all that constituted, or should confer, power ;—he found their leaders a paltry crew of servile wretches, of no more consequence than so

many pawns on the political chess-board, to be moved and swept aside at pleasure, but, even while he scorned them, he wept over their debasement, and *resolved to rescue them from it*. Ardent and zealous, yet *cautious and acute*, he soon distinguished himself by the combined boldness and *discretion* of his movements. Whatever may have been the obstacles opposed to his progress by the covert jealousies and haughty distrust of his associates, he soon surmounted them. *Fertile in expedient, deliberate in proceeding, ingenious in argument, eloquent in debate, and untired in exertion*, he triumphed over the competition, if he did not vanquish the hostility of his rivals. While others shrunk back in despair, he toiled forward;—while others relied on diplomatic intrigue and supple guile, he recommended open, popular, *honest* policy;—while others spouted stupid holiday speeches, he originated *important measures*;—while others gave to their cause a timid, temporising, and niggard support, *his tongue, pen, and purse, were unceasingly, fearlessly, and generously devoted to its service*. He denounced the treacherous, he overawed the hostile, he inspirited the timid, he combined the jealous, and *protected all*.—*Who will dispute the perfect accuracy of this portrait? Does it flatter,—is it exaggerated?*—No unprejudiced man can question its strict fidelity. Is it not that of a *great man, formed for a high destiny,—on whom the hopes of nations might be fixed?* His services are now in part before the public, and our opinion of them is recorded;—others may dispute their utility, but who will deny their magnitude? Possessed of such qualities it would have been strange had his genius not acquired the ascendant of those around him; it would also have been inconsistent with human frailty, had he escaped the enmity of all those he surpassed. He did not; he was exposed to all the evils that low envy and insidious dislike could suggest; and we doubt not, that he was more harassed by the secret difficulties he experienced in managing his own party, than by the open attacks of opponents. He succeeded, however, in his objects; he achieved the freedom of his creed; he created a public mind in his country, and gave it a spirit of nationality which craves, and will obtain its independence; he acquired for himself *more of the admiration, confidence, and gratitude of his fellow-men, than ever human being possessed before him*; and he now stands before the world, not merely the *successful leader of a party, but the arbiter of his country's destiny—perhaps, of an empire's fate*."

Mr. O'CONNELL is, indeed, possessed of great advantages. He has great *talent* and great *power*. God has blessed him with the talent, and the circumstances, the wretched wants of his countrymen, have given him that in which his power consists, and which appears to be an almost *absolute influence* over their minds. The unprincipled part of the press have, of course, said all that can be said in abuse of man, of Mr. O'CONNELL; not because they thought he was a person really deserving punishment; but, from their short-sightedness, from their being *so long* used to see every one, good or bad, that dared to face injustice, either hanged, or gagged, or disposed of in some way that rendered it no benefit to others to be looked upon as one of the sufferer's friends. The *press, in short*, that have *attacked* Mr. O'CONNELL, have not done so on account of the *harm* he has done, but on account of the *good*. We are not going

to praise Mr. O'CONNELL. We need hardly do that; he has enough of it elsewhere. He has the *power*, however, amongst his other powers, aye, easily could *he* do it, such is *his* power; *he* has the power to extort *praise*, *high praise*, *from us*, and that is not saying a little, because we are not inclined to bespatter men with commendation, any more than to cover them with scurrility, holding the one to be as publicly mischievous as the other. No; there is no need of *empty praise*, in addition to the picture drawn of Mr. O'CONNELL in the passage above, which passage we have just copied by way of letting the public see with what great HOPES IN HIM his countrymen, who know him better than we do, are now about to send him forth in the new campaign. There is but one thing that we are at all anxious now to say of Mr. O'CONNELL. We wish, most sincerely, that it *could* be said, but it *cannot*, without carrying *praise* to him along with it. It will, however, go without flattery, and with earnestness. We do conjure him to employ those gifts which he has, and the like of which the Roman orator declares to have a portion of what is *divine* in it, in such a way that their exercise may not add to the power to injure with those who find a something to worship in what is most diabolical. *Steadiness, steadiness!* *This* had, or *this* wanted—*here* is enough to *save all*, or to *sink all to the bottom*.

As to "*Repeal*," what signifies it whether the measure be a cool or a desperate one; or whether it is ever likely to be, or is at all required. It is *starvation*, crying for "*food, food*," that the parliament must open their ears to; and if that starvation be so intolerable that its complaints become *frantic*, so much the more reason, not to deny the relief because the language of application is irrational, but to hasten to give it, that the sufferer may, as soon as possible, return to his senses. We are not yet acquainted with the precise grounds of argument on which a *repeal* could be fairly urged. *These* we must look for from Mr. O'CONNELL himself. But there is one speculation we may indulge in, and that is as to how far *all* those who are returned as *repealers* will adhere to their pledges (should it be advisable to break them!); how far Mr. O'CONNELL, should he raise the hurricane of "*Repeal*," will, in his capacity of *Æolus*, be able to *keep all these winds blowing his own way*. We do not love others of little faith in mankind; but, in this particular case, we are not over-full of it ourselves. "*Promises and pie-crusts*," &c.; and we strongly suspect that some people's fingers would soon be at work if they only thought there were more or less of *fruit in the dish*.

How comes it (to end with what we intended for the beginning) that there has scarcely ever been, till now, such a thing as a *Magazine in Ireland*? We have been assured, that the greater part of the writing, in the publications of this sort, which are conducted in England and in

Scotland, is afforded from *Irish pens* ! Does it require anything said in applause of the *writers* to excite surprise that what they produce should be thus *disposed of* ? No ; but a something of the reverse of applause, we are sorry to say, might, in speaking of their countrymen, properly *account for it*. "*Steadiness!*" were we going to exclaim ? We have said it once already for politics. Let us repeat it, then, here. There is nothing pleasingly wild about this word, 'tis true. *Sedate*, indeed. Yet not *insignificant* ; not inapplicable, suffer us gently to say, in admonition to the carriers on of any *Irish* enterprise.

We have been much pleased with the *Irish Magazine*. The press of Ireland, ineffective as it comparatively is, sends forth, perhaps, as little *uninteresting* matter as that of any country. This work has some really good writing in it. Whether its editor will think *our* favourable opinion worth having expressed, editorial diffidence will not anticipate. We have said enough to convince him, however, that it is expressed with sincerity ; and, being on the subject of an *Irish Magazine* and its merits, there is one circumstance in which justice almost demands us already to turn egotists, by more particularly alluding to our own, which we must do, for the purpose of acknowledging that some of the contributions we have ourselves most "*thankfully received*" have been accepted from the hands of *Irishmen*.

We will find fault with only one thing : this *Magazine* is, we think, party-spirited ; has a little too much of the *animosities* of party men.

GOING TO SEA.

There is a Providence that shapes our destinies.

My uncle Peter, besides that he "often spoke of most disastrous chances, of moving accidents by flood and field, of hair-breadth escapes, of being taken by the insolent foe, and sold to slavery," had won my love when I was a boy, by piloting me through the ships lying in Deptford Dock-yard. I recollected, too, the frankness of his manners with increased affection, and joyfully accepted an invitation to visit him previous to his setting out upon a new voyage. My uncle Peter was one of the oldest officers in the service. He had floated, as he used to express it, sixty years in the very jaws of death, and he feared him no more than he feared danger. He would sometimes say, disparagingly, "*Death is but a rascally scarecrow.*" He had not escaped his numerous rencounters quite shot free ; but that alone which discomfited him, that cowardly scoundrel *old age*, now kept too close quarters with him to allow his weather-worn tim-

bers sea-room ; so that my poor uncle was raked and ravaged fore and aft. But encircling danger would not daunt uncle Peter. He had been too long the intimate and comrade of Nelson, to become a pupil in the art of *striking*. Down might his old ship have gone, with his colours waving to the last, had not his familiar friend, old Ocean, to whose voice he ever listened with veneration, now warned uncle Peter that his battered hulk needed a refit ; so he had, submissive to his favourite's monition, just hove to in his native village, the spot which he considered the loveliest on *terra firma*. I had often heard my father speak of uncle's "superstitious stuff." "Peter," he would say, "with the rest of us, was bred up among prognosticating old women, and his sea education has fostered early impressions ; but time mellows romantic fancies, thought and experience ripen the judgment." A few random incidents, snatched from the busy life of a brave old sailor, as related by himself, may suffice to show what influence these sedatives possess in removing early prepossessions.

One night we were sitting over a bright wood fire, my uncle, according to custom, smoking his short pipe. We had listened long and dreamingly to the pattering rain and whistling wind. The storm increased as the night advanced, till we fancied we saw wrecks written in each other's countenances. I found it impossible to interrupt the silence of thought. My uncle was accustomed to weather hurricanes, so having put his pipe by the fireside, and placed his hands on his knees, he regarded me with a fixed seriousness. "These nights, Phil," said my uncle, breaking silence, "serve me as mementos of the most prominent features of my life, which I can never recall in calm time. It was about sixty-five years ago, my dear Phil, that the Lord was pleased to work a miracle in my behalf, which effected a change in my course of life : it was brought about by a remarkable circumstance, Phil, which I'll tell thee, to show thee the great goodness and mercy of the all-seeing and all-knowing Rewarder of innocence and virtue. While I was yet a boy, living with old Moses Jones, down at Pencoes, employed in working about the farm, one night (I remember it distinctly ; though it is now sixty-five ago, 'tis as fresh in my memory as if it had happened but yesterday), two days after Helston feast-day, old Moses, my master, you must know, was about this time very ill at ease, he having been two days before carried through the town on the May-pole by the holiday boys for not getting up at sunrise to join them in the forray fun. Poor old Moses had been ever since the morning of his disgrace choking with splenetic grief, and wandering to and fro, swearing never to forget nor forgive the perpetrators of this mortal indignity. It was on the third day after the happening of this untoward affair, about two o'clock in the morning, that old Moses, my master, instigated and directed by some supernatural agency, stood by my

bedside; what I was about, not to hear him, I cannot think; there he stood paler than the moon which shone through my lattice, and by the aid of whose light I was enabled to see old Moses's countenance, which at the first glance struck me as being of a melancholy savageness, and the next moment blackening with an active ferocity: we were fixed motionless with terror." "We!" exclaimed I, regarding my uncle with a curious anxiety. "Yes, Phil," retorted my uncle Peter; "but we were as innocent as unborn babes. That night, Jenny, the dairy-maid (I must tell you) had come, as she had often wont, into my room; she was in the habit of sitting with me, and often went not till the mooned waned; she loved my company, you see, Phil; but we were as guiltless as it was possible for two females to be. Moses, however, was too old a sinner himself to believe our mutual assurances; so, either from incredulity, or glad of an opportunity to vent his overflowing vengeance, or because Jenny had (as she told me) refused his proffered advances, he gazed upon us but one awful moment, and with a heavy blow struck me to the ground. Jenny left off making any further entreaties and threats, and flew off, vowing definite and immediate revenge. Not quite killed, I sprung up, and having snatched the poker, placed myself in a defensive attitude to meet a second attack; and, indeed, Moses again turned towards me in the most ferocious manner, but, seeing me armed, he shouted wild with passion, and shrieked in a voice resembling the loud roaring wind, 'Out of my house, thou villain, and to hell wi'e!' I never shall forget the fiendish looks, never forget the tones of his voice; I have heard nothing like it since, Phil, except, indeed, my last boatswain, Will Piper; oh, my dear eyes, Phil, he was a boatswain! Some night, Phil, remind me of Will Piper, I'll tell thee—but let me go on now with my story. I gladly decamped as fast as fear and sadness would let me, and wandered despondingly about the fields, until a late hour of the morning, before I ventured to repair to my father's cottage. The whole of that day I spent in the bitterest misery, I reflected on the event, on my present condition, and on what was to become of me. Poor Jenny, too, what fate was hers? at best cast upon her poor parents! her character gone; no one would now receive her. What was most painful to me, I feared to go near her; I doubted not but old Moses would divulge this circumstance, not failing to colour it with the most aggravated additions: to be now therefore seen with Jenny would be a glaring corroboration of the guilt which he would impute to us, the fear of which charge was at that time one of my severest anxieties. I was not then inured to accidents, or reckless of consequences. My dear eyes, Phil, how a year or two alters a man, both in his thoughts and cares! The whole of the next day I wandered about, I know not how nor whither, but miserable as a guilty wretch. With evening came a

splitting headache, brought on by dwelling upon this unlooked-for catastrophe. I lay awake some hours upon a bed of torture; but, at length, the merciful Lord, Phil, who knew my innocence, delivered me from this tribulation of mind, and blessed me, by allowing me to fall into a profound sleep. It is in this sinless, powerless state of humanity, that the spirits of peace and mercy approach the spirits of affliction and despondency, dispelling the dejection of despair incident to mortal infirmity by the influence of their presence, and lifting to tranquillity and power by their pity and beneficence. In my sleep I heard a voice utter these words:—

‘Peter! Peter!

Go to the moor

That’s moss grown o’er,

Go once, twice, thrice,

There thou shalt see

Thy destiny,

Without money or price.’

“I awoke at day-break, and, without communicating my vision to any one, I hastened up to the summit of the moor; the sun shone beautifully bright, and there I remained several anxious hours, indeed until the violence of the heat brought on an excruciating headache, and compelled me to return home. I went again upon the following morning, and had not waited many hours before I began to fancy I saw a vision in the clouds; it was the rising mist, which was soon followed by pouring torrents of rain, and all dripping with wet I returned home a second time. Not yet daunted, I wandered pensively a third time, in full faith, to the circle of furze bushes in the midst of the moor. The day was very misty and gloomy, my eyes had become painfully inflamed with long watching, and my head began to ache with despondency, for I had waited till the day was beginning to sink.

“Turning round to look homewards, I saw beside me some one enfolded in a long, hooded brown cloak, I caught a glimpse of a haggard visage; it was that of a very old woman, she was leaning her folded arms upon a thick blackthorn, with her cloak closely drawn round her. When or how she got there, Phil, the Lord of heaven knows. I never saw her come, nor heard her; how she got there, I say, Phil (repeated my uncle, inclining his eyes upwards, distending his mouth, and drawing a face longer even than usual) I tell thee I know not, but there she stood, motionless, leaning on the tall stick, and looking earnestly at me. After fixedly gazing upon me a few moments, she took me by the hand and said, ‘Young man, young man, ar’n’t thee uncle Philip’s son of Pencoes?’ ‘Yes, mother,’ I reverently replied, bowing and holding down my head. ‘Be bold’ said she, raising her voice to a shrill shriek; then in an under

tone continuing, 'but be prudent, and attend, Peter; do as I direct, and heaven protect thee.'

"Pluck the bent grass-blade
That grows in yon glade,
Where the bee lurks beneath.
Blow him forth with thy breath.
Where he flies matters not,
Mark and hie to the spot.
The emblem fly of industry
Will teach thee all. Thy fate descry.
Despair not."

"We were alone on the moor, Phil, but I immediately obeyed the holy behest; I approached the glade; I heard the hum song, and plucked the grass-blade as directed, and, looking about, found I was again alone.

"How my instructress disappeared, Phil, or where she went, the Lord of heaven only knows. I hastened to learn my fate, and held up the blade of grass to the wind, and fulfilled the directions of my supernatural monitor. The bee immediately flew away, I watched it till almost lost in the distance; after some moments of dizzy indistinctness, I fancied I perceived it again. It appeared increasing in size, it grew more and more distinct, and became wonderfully large; but assuming, as I fancied, a different form; in a very few moments, to my astonishment, I saw fully equipped in complete naval rigging, a perfect sailor." "What! an apparition, uncle?" ejaculated I; "An apparition!" echoed my uncle with marked significance, "An apparition! no Phil, as plainly and truly a man as thee art, to be sure; a perfect man. He passed and repassed in the distance like an apparition, and left me confounded: I looked again, and saw him again pass before my eyes as plainly as I now see thee. He was dressed in a blue jacket and white trousers, with a broad-brimmed straw hat, and waving a little red handkerchief; he appeared a third time, stood several moments, and again disappeared. After a fervent thanksgiving to the all-merciful Providence, I posted home, determined not to reveal anything I had seen or heard to a single soul. I never before told it to a soul Phil, not to a soul; some people you know, Phil, would be unbelieving enough to call it superstition." I looked doubtingly, and my uncle continued, "I got up in the middle of the night, not being able to sleep from anxiety, packed up my stores in a little bundle, and started for Falmouth. I arrived there at a very early hour, and having learnt that the press was close, I secreted myself till the time of day that I could offer my services freely, and enjoy the advantages of a volunteer. I was joyfully accepted, and in a very few hours was sent on board the Fanny tender.

"It is not worth while dwelling upon the scenes which I saw there, or

attempting to express the unmusical sufferings I endured from that most unromantic of instruments the Scotch fiddle, to which I was introduced almost as soon as I went on board. Suffice it at present to say, I was soon drafted from this disgusting scene of loathsomeness, to a wholesome comfortable ship, where I was comparatively happy."

Whether or not the reader will have recounted to him some few of the adventures in which my uncle therein and elsewhere took a leading part, or of the dangers and difficulties he encountered and survived during upwards of sixty years of action in the wars of men and elements, through all seasons, and in all climes, depends upon the approval of the sample of my uncle's *true* narrative of *Going to Sea*.

IRELAND.

"To the ignorance and insolence of the London press, in discussing Irish affairs, may mainly be attributed that we have arrived at the verge of *repeal*, and we are glad of that; but the same press seems working to bring about a separation, and that we should regret exceedingly."—*Dublin Weekly Register* of January 12.

Up to the hour in which the polling commenced for the Irish elections, the London daily press taught the people of England to believe that the repeal of the union was a factious cry, and not a national longing. The elections are now over, and 37 of the Irish members take their seats in parliament pledged to the repeal of the union. If there are not more, it is only because those who are called "demagogues," and are accused of agitating the people for factious purposes, did not know the degree to which the desire for the repeal of the union pervaded the country, and were not prepared to propose members pledged to the repeal of the union, for all the seats for which the people were anxious to return them. It would be difficult to find another instance in which a question so long dormant, so suddenly raised, had acquired in so short a space so complete a mastery over the minds of a people, had bound them in so firm a union of purpose, and animated them to so remarkable an energy of exertion. For, the 37 "repealers," as they are familiarly called, do not exhibit the whole strength of the people. Of the whole representative body of Ireland, a decided majority are returned of purely popular members; members who are not the nominees of any patron, nor the partisans of either faction, but who have stood on pledges of public principle, and appealed to the patriotic feelings of the electors. This, too, has been done in Ireland, where

public opinion is a plant of so new a growth, where the landlord recently enjoyed the powers of the most unmitigated despotism, where a portion of his revenue consisted in the sale of the votes of his forty-shilling freeholders, where the constituency is still extremely narrow, and where the system of registration is so vexatious as to have been protracted, in all the counties for weeks, in several, for months. The falsehoods of the London press, then, have not been able to arrest the progress of time, nor the insolence of the London press to change the course of events. The repeal of the union is not a dream, it is a question for the consideration of parliament; and the reason why it has become so, ought now at last, now at this eleventh hour, to be made a question for the consideration, the deliberate and thoughtful consideration of the English people.

The union was accomplished by acts of parliament passed so recently as 1800. It was achieved by the joint influence of a reign of terror the most appalling, and a system of the most flagitious corruption. It was carried in opposition to the well-known and loudly-spoken wishes of the people of Ireland. It was opposed, with the utmost vehemence of opposition by the late Mr. Grattan; it was resisted almost to the point of battle by the present Lord Chancellor Plunkett, and the present Chief Justice Bushe, both of whom gained in their opposition to this measure, and in their early youth, a better title to love beyond the present generation than they have since been able to sustain: it was passed at last in the face of the strongest protests on the part of the present Lord Grey, the present Lord Holland, and the present Marquis of Lansdowne; it was followed by all the mischiefs that were predicted as its inevitable result—the increase of absenteeism, the decline of commerce, the extinction of domestic manufactures; and, after all, it was but an act of parliament.

It was but an act of parliament, of which Mr. O'Connell demanded the repeal; and let us consider under what circumstances. The Catholic Relief Bill was passed in consequence of his election for Clare in July, 1828. The Relief Bill received the royal assent on the 13th of April in the following year. It abrogated all the offensive oaths, by which the Catholics had heretofore been excluded from the House of Commons; and yet it was so contrived that Mr. O'Connell could not take his seat, because he had been elected before the bill was passed. He felt that this was intended. He felt, and justly, that his country was insulted in his person.

A new writ was issued, and he was re-elected without opposition for Clare. He took his seat in the next session, and endeavoured to procure justice for his country. On the 27th of April he moved for leave to bring in a bill to alter and amend the Vestries Regulation Bill, the chief object of his motion being to repeal the enactment against Catholics voting in vestries on the application of parish church-rates. Leave even

to bring in the bill was denied him by a majority of 177 against 47; though all he demanded was, that Protestants should not have the uncontroled power of taxing Catholics for purposes exclusively Protestant.

Again, on the 10th of June, he moved for leave to bring in a bill to repeal such clauses of acts in force in Ireland as enable vestries (of Protestants exclusively) to assess rates for the building, rebuilding, and enlarging of churches and chapels, which was negatived by 141 to 17. He stated in making the motion, that his object was to put the law in both countries on the same footing; and this was denied him.

In the mean time, on the 12th of May, Mr. O'Connell had moved for papers connected with trials for conspiracy at Cork, which papers, he maintained, would establish the fact, that the counsel for the crown had procured the conviction of prisoners on the strength of evidence which they knew to be at variance with the depositions of the same witnesses previously sworn. Mr. O'Connell contended that on such evidence innocent parties were then suffering. His motion for these papers was negatived by a majority of 75 to 12.

In his care for his own country he had not forgotten the general interests. On the 5th of March the House of Commons being in committee on the East Retford Bill, Mr. O'Connell moved that a clause be inserted in the bill, enacting that the elections should be taken by ballot. The proposition was so ill received that he withdrew it.

On the 15th of the same month, on the third reading of the same bill, he made the same proposition. It was negatived by a majority of 179 to 21.

On the 28th of May, he moved for leave to bring in a bill for the effectual and radical reform of abuses in the state of the representation. The motion was lost by a majority of 319 to 13; while, on the same evening, a motion made by Lord John Russell, "that it is expedient to extend the basis of the representation of the people," was negatived by a majority of 213 to 117.

In the same parliament in which Mr. O'Connell thus saw the door closed equally against positive good and prospective improvement, a committee of "political economists" in the House of Commons had thus reported on the state of the poor of Ireland, ejected from their tenements for the purpose of consolidating farms.

"If the condition of the landlord, and of those tenants who remain in possession of the soil, is alone considered, the change is undoubtedly *one of unmixed good*. But the situation of another class remains to be considered, that of the ejected tenantry, or of those who are obliged to give up their small holdings to promote the consolidation of farms. Their condition is necessarily most deplorable. It

“ would be impossible for language to convey an idea of the state of distress to which the ejected tenantry have been reduced, or of the disease, misery, and even vice, which they have propagated in the towns wherein they have settled; so that not only they who have been ejected have been rendered miserable, but they have carried with them and propagated that misery. They have increased the stock of labour, they have rendered the habitations of those who received them more crowded, they have given occasion to the dissemination of disease, they have been obliged to resort to theft, and all manner of vice and iniquity, to procure subsistence; but what is, perhaps, the most painful of all, A VAST NUMBER OF THEM HAVE PERISHED OF WANT.”

Such was the account which even the *checkers of population* and the consolidators of farms were obliged to give of the result of their own work. Such was the state of the poor of Ireland, when Mr. O’Connell, loaded with insult and contumely from both sides of the house, without the prospect of good, present or prospective, from either party, returned to his country to find the work of extermination still going on throughout the country, but particularly in Kildare, Meath, Westmeath, Louth, above all in Wicklow.

In consequence of the demise of the crown, parliament was dissolved towards the close of July; and it was now that Mr. O’Connell began to agitate actively the repeal of the union. One of the measures which accompanied the Catholic Relief Bill, was a law investing the Lord Lieutenant, for two years, with absolute authority to suppress any meeting by proclamation. This law had been exercised in April for the purpose of suppressing an association under the title of “ The Society of the Friends of Ireland of all Religious Denominations.” It was now directed against a new society, formed by Mr. O’Connell, under the title of the Anti-Union Society. The proclamation for this purpose was issued on the 18th of October. A new society, under a new title immediately succeeded, and was suppressed by another proclamation, on the 30th of the same month.

Parliament met in November, and the King was advised to stigmatize as “ seditious ” the attempt to get up petitions for the repeal of the union. Long before the close of that month, the cabinet of the Duke of Wellington was dissolved, and Earl Grey succeeded, on the pledge of bringing in a reform bill. In the mean time, Mr. O’Connell had again tried the temper of the house, by moving for leave to bring in a bill for the repeal of the Sub-letting Act, under the operation of which large numbers of his countrymen were still exposed to *perish of want*. His appeal to the charity of the house was rejected by a majority of 150 to 24. And it is remarkable that on this division, Mr. Ruthven, while he supported the mo-

tion, declared his opposition to Mr. O'Connell on the question of the union.

By what policy this gentleman has been converted from being the opponent of "repeal," into one of its most strenuous and indefatigable advocates, we are now about to see.

Parliament was adjourned from the 23d of December, 1830, till the 3d of February following. The interval was a period of violent agitation in Ireland. On the day of the adjournment of parliament, the Marquis of Anglesea entered on office, as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Mr. Stanley replaced Sir Henry Hardinge, as secretary for Ireland. The law authorising the Lord Lieutenant to suppress any public meeting, by proclamation, was still in force. It was passed, as we have stated, on the plea that Catholic emancipation was about to be conceded, and that very arbitrary powers were necessary to prevent factious opposition to that measure. Mr. Stanley and the Marquis of Anglesea had both protested against the bill, except as a temporary measure. The Marquis was hardly seated in his office, when he issued a proclamation, in effect, to prevent the tradesmen of Dublin from showing a public mark of respect to Mr. O'Connell on his return to Dublin. Mr. O'Connell called several meetings, some of them at inns, and for the purpose of convivial meeting as well as talking politics. They were suppressed by almost daily proclamations. At last, a charge was preferred against him for *evading*, that is, for *taking pains to observe*, the laws. On this charge he was arrested at his own house, and in the middle of his family, and with ignominy conducted through the streets to the police-office, in the custody of a common thief-taker. He consented to give bail on this charge, in order to prevent that commotion, to the verge of which the country was now hurried; and the magistrate, before whom he was carried, confessed in open court, that, by consenting to give bail, Mr. O'Connell had secured the peace of the city. Mr. O'Connell felt himself so fortified in the law, that he allowed judgment in these proceedings to go by default. And the event answered his expectations. He was never called up for judgment; yet such is the injustice with which he has been treated by the press, that to this day it stands recorded in public opinion that he pleaded guilty to the charge!

These were the circumstances under which Mr. O'Connell came to the discussion of the Reform Bill; and never did public man display greater rectitude than marked the conduct of Mr. O'Connell in regard to this measure. The plan was announced; he was among the first to hail it with welcome; it was opposed; he was among the most vigorous of its defenders; during the protracted and vexatious discussions upon it, he was constant in attendance; when he rose to make his formal address in its favour, he was acknowledged to have surpassed all who pre-

ceded him. His speech was new, on a subject which seemed to admit not of novelty; and its close was received with such reiterated applause, even from the treasury benches, that Mr. Mathias Attwood, who rose to reply, was obliged, before he could proceed, to taunt the ministers into silence, by congratulating Mr. Stanley on his new alliance with the member for Waterford. He not only deserved well of the people, but of the ministry also; for this parliament being dissolved in April, in consequence of the defeat of ministers on General Gascoyne's motion, Mr. O'Connell personally exerted himself to support the ministry in the Irish elections, and particularly to secure the return of Sir Henry Parnell for the Queen's county.

While Mr. O'Connell was doing this for the ministry, how was he requited? By the attempted bill of Mr. Stanley, for placing an excise stamp on all arms in Ireland. By the re-organization of the Orange yeomanry. He stood, however, true to the ministry and to the English people, till the English Reform Bill was secure, and till the Reform Bill for Ireland came under discussion. Instead of a Reform Bill for Ireland he found introduced, under that name, a bill for further limiting the constituency in the counties of Ireland, though these counties had already, in several instances, a lower constituency than that which the principle of the Reform Bill for England fixed as the lowest of an English borough, a constituency considerably below 300. This is enough to characterise the Reform Bill for Ireland, which Mr. Stanley endeavoured to carry in defiance of the popular members for Ireland.

This was not all. The tithe-war had now commenced by the slaughter of the people at Newtownbarry. There not only was the seizure for tithes not due, but the attack of the yeomanry was without the sanction of any authority, and without the excuse of provocation. The butchery was altogether wanton, and seems to have been perpetrated in the spirit of a political manœuvre. It was this slaughter that made the resistance to the payment of tithes general. And this resistance to the payment of tithes was the ground of Mr. Stanley's bill for collecting the arrears under the authority of the government, which was forced through parliament at the close of the session, with a precipitation, which filled the Irish members, who regarded their country, with burning resentment. The bill was never described to the English people. Its provisions would have startled them. Amongst them are these. It authorises the parson to transfer his claims to the government by merely swearing to the amount, and to receive a portion of the sum from the treasury. It authorises the Attorney-General to proceed, without other notice than a proclamation in the Gazette, without other service of that proclamation than the posting of it in one or two places in the parish; to include a whole parish in one process, and to run to execution, without

being stayed by any want of form. This bill was not allowed to pass in silence. The debates upon it were among the most animated and vehement that have occurred for years in Parliament. They were suppressed in the English papers; but they were specially reported in the Irish papers, and carried flame through the hearts of all the people, while here we were unconscious of the cause which excited them. That cause did not cease with the close of the session. The bill passed. The Attorney-General carried it into vigorous execution. In half the counties of Ireland armies have been marching to collect tithes. The whole scene has been veiled by the London press from the eyes of the English people. They know the Ministry only as the authors of the Reform Bill; as such they give them applause; and every cheer which that Ministry receives from the English people, seems to the people of Ireland another halloo to their oppressors. This is the cause, the proximate cause of the cry for the repeal of the union. This is the cause why 37 Irish members have been returned, pledged to support it. If Mr. O'Connell had attempted to resist it, notwithstanding all the gratitude and all the respect of the people of Ireland for him, it is probable that he would have been, with the Parnells and the Rices, a rejected member of Parliament.

Thus the question is come upon us. And how is it to be met? It must be met, at last, by justice. "What," it was asked by one of the most truly eloquent of the Irish politicians, "are the two ligaments which alone can bind these countries in perpetual connexion? Mutual want, and mutual affection. Union or no union, the first remains. What alone can or ought to strengthen or preserve the last? *Equal rights, equal privileges, equal liberty.* Not establishing a despotism in one country, while the spirit of reform lights upon the other. Not in one country reasserting and repairing the constitution, in the other violating or suspending it."

The demand for the repeal of the union has been excited by the denial of justice. It ought to be met by doing justice. The demands which Mr. O'Connell makes, in the name of the Irish people, are reasonable, and ought to be conceded.

He demands, in the first place, "the total extinction of tithes and church-rates."

He demands, in the second place, "such an alteration in the grand jury laws, as may give popular controul over the levying and expenditure of public money."

He demands, in the third place, "such a reform in the appointment of justices of the peace, as to make them eligible by the people, and not nominated by any public officer of the government."

He demands, in the fourth place, "the removal of Lord Anglesea, Mr. Stanley, and Mr. Blackburne, from office in Ireland."

These he places before the demand for the repeal of the union. To show that these are reasonable shall be our task on another day. If they be so, and be not conceded, that will be an additional argument for the repeal of the union. If they be so, and be conceded, it may not still the demand for that measure, but will, at all events, conduce to the public safety by bringing both parties to its consideration, without passion and without resentment.

There is a topic on which Mr. O'Connell has not touched ; but which yields in importance ; we mean the application of the poor-law of Elizabeth to Ireland. On this subject also we shall treat hereafter. The principal purpose of the present paper has been to show, that if the Irish people are filled with resentment, it is not without the amplest provocation.

MR. O'CONNELL'S LETTER.

To the Editors of Cobbett's Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

MR. O'CONNELL, in his first letter to the reformers of Great Britain, in which he relates the particulars of the tithe affray at Wallstown, in the county of Cork, informs us that it originated in the enforcing of a right insisted upon by the Reverend Mr. Gavin, the rector of the parish, to enter upon the lands of the parishioners, with surveyors and valuers, to admeasure, survey, and value the growing crops. Mr. O'Connell utterly denies the existence of any such right, and calls upon the reformers of Great Britain to assist him in obtaining a sober, impartial, and rigid parliamentary investigation of the transaction. This is a matter of the very highest importance to the land-owners, farmers, and, indeed, the whole people of the United Kingdom ; and, as I perfectly agree with Mr. O'Connell in the opinion expressed by him as to the injustice and illegality of the claim set up by the rector of Wallstown, I shall contribute my share of the assistance which I think he is entitled to receive from the reformers of England, in the shape of a few observations on the law of the subject. In doing this, I beg to disclaim any intention to under-rate the legal weight of Mr. O'Connell's opinion on this point, but I am

well assured that my fellow-countrymen will not be disposed to place the less reliance upon it when they find it confirmed by an English lawyer who is well known to have devoted so many years of his life to the investigation of the law of tithes.

The question, then, which I shall consider is, whether a rector has a right to enter upon the titheable land to survey the growing crops. But in order to do justice to Mr. O'Connell, and to make the subject more clearly understood, I shall first insert his legal opinion, and such parts of his statement of the facts of the case as I think material to the discussion of the question of law.

“ The Rev. Mr. Gavin was not content with his legal right to one-tenth of the crop when ripe and severed (*which is the extent of his legal right—I request that this may be distinctly understood—it makes the parenthesis long; but I request it, as consequences of the most important nature depend on it*). *The legal right of the Rev. Mr. Gavin was, and is, to one-tenth of the crop when RIFE and SEVERED.* He had no title to the growing crop, and he was and is liable, as far as his tenth is concerned, to all the vicissitudes of the seasons—to storms, floods, fires, and accidents which may affect the crop before ripeness and severance from the soil. Not content with his legal right to one-tenth of the crop, when grown, he insisted on a right to enter the grounds of every parishioner, and to send in surveyors or valuers to admeasure, calculate, or survey the crops while growing.

“ Upon this claim of right, the controversy arose. Now as a practical, and, I hope, also a constitutional lawyer, I utterly deny the existence of any such right. It is utterly unfounded in law. Mr. Parson has no title to the growing crop: besides, the estimate of a crop whilst growing is but a mere conjecture, and not legal evidence of its value when ripe. That is perfectly plain; a crop valued one week before severance, may be in such a state as to be estimated at a large sum of money; the next day, the next hour, a storm, a flood, or a fire, may render that crop utterly valueless.

“ But see to what a monstrous extent, this claim of entering into all the lands in the parish, with surveyors or valuers goes to, if well founded. If the parson can enter at one period of the growth, he may at any other. Wheat is nearly twelve months in the ground. The parson, if he have this right at all, has it every day whilst the crop is growing. He may with a group of surveyors and valuers enter the wheat field, break down the fences sufficiently to let in his party, and thus destroy, under the pretence of valuation. It is really a most unfounded and monstrous claim.

“ *Sed Dñs aliter visum.* Lord Anglesea and Stanley—the *Dñs majores*, determined that this claim was just and legal—and they put at the dis-

posal of the parson an army—horse, foot, and artillery—to enforce this claim.

“Now for the remaining facts—it appears, from the newspapers, and their statements remaining uncontradicted, that a party of the police—a party of the 43d Regiment—a party of another regiment, distinguished by some other ciphers of vulgar arithmetic—an entire mob of magistrates, including one general (General Barry), and to make the thing complete, one admiral, called Evans, the surveyors or valuers, and the Rev. Mr. Gavin, on Wednesday, the 5th of this month, entered the field of a person named James Bleake, a parishioner of Wallstown, in the assertion of this illegal claim.

“There was some resistance. Now that resistance, upon the facts, as stated, was, in my deliberate opinion, perfectly legal and justifiable. The police, parsons, army, and magistrates were, according to the stated facts, trespassers. Resistance was, therefore, not a crime, but a right—the inherent right of every British subject to maintain the exclusive possession of his own freehold—such a right as that by which great lords hold their estates, and the King himself holds his crown.

“Upon this resistance, it appears, the magistrates ordered the party of the 43d to fire on the unarmed people. The officer commanding that party gave no order to fire. Some of the party fired, and it is said that some ten or twelve of the people were wounded. What is certain is, that four were killed on the spot.”

In respect to Mr. O’Connell’s reasoning upon the nature of the right insisted upon by the rector, I shall only observe, that it is, in my judgment, quite sufficient to show the absurdity and injustice of the claim; but the question here is, what is the law? According to the doctrine of Mr. O’Connell, the rector has a legal right to one-tenth of the crop when ripe, and severed from the soil. This is true; but it is true only with reference to the general *incorporeal* right of the parson; and this right exists in as much force when the corn is growing as it does when it is ripe and severed. Still, this is but a *mere* right, and does not give the rector any right of possession or property in the *corporeal* fruits of the tithes, viz., the tenth part of the crop, so as to justify his entering upon the land, whether the crop be growing or severed, *without the consent of the parishioner*. It may be laid down as an incontrovertible proposition of tithe law, that the parson cannot enter upon the land either for the purpose of viewing or possessing himself of the tenth part, until it has been separated from the nine parts, and set out for him by the occupier of the land. I discussed this point at some length in the *Church Reformers’ Magazine* for March, 1832, but I then mentioned it only incidentally for the purpose of elucidating the voluntary nature of the payment of tithes,

and not as a question admitting of any doubt; and although the article was undoubtedly written with reference to the subject of Irish tithes, I was not at that time aware that there was any disposition on the part of the clergy of Ireland to contend for the right insisted upon by the rector of Wallstown. The following passage, taken from the article to which I have alluded, is so pertinent to the matter which I am now considering, that I shall take the liberty of inserting it here:—

“But although tithes are thus made payable by law, and have ever since continued to be a *compulsory* payment due to the parsons or rectors of parishes, yet it is well worthy of observation that they still retain so much of their original *voluntary* nature, that the parson has no property in them until they are vested in his possession by the voluntary act of the occupier of the land. Thus, if the parson or his tithe proctor, should venture to set his foot upon the land for the purpose of taking or setting forth the tithes, or even viewing them before they are set forth for him by the farmer, he would be liable to an action of trespass, unless he first obtains the special permission of the farmer to enter upon the land for those purposes. For the same reason, the parson has no *possession*, property, or interest, in the tithes capable of being transferred by sale, until they have been set out for him by the occupier of the land. For in every sale it is indispensably requisite, that at the time when the contract is made, the vender should have such an interest in the thing sold, that the property may vest immediately in the person to whom the sale is made; and the parson, as we have seen, has no such interest. In short, until the tenth part is severed from the nine parts by the occupier, the parson has no greater property or interest in the tenth part, than he has in the other nine parts of the titheable matter or thing. When the tithes have been set out, indeed, the case is totally altered, and the law adjudges them to be as much in the possession of the parson as if they had been conveyed to his barn.”

That the parson has no interest in the tenth part of the crop is further evident from the circumstance, that if the whole part of the crop should be carried away, he can bring no action of a *possessory* nature to recover the tenth part or its value. In short, he has no right nor remedy which implies a right of possession.

At the common law, the parson has no right to enter upon the land of the parishioner except for the purpose of taking and carrying away the tenth part after it has been set out for him. In England the statute of 2 and 3 Ed. VI. c. 13, has given the parson the further right of viewing the tenth part after it has been set out, and comparing it with the other nine parts, but it has given this right in a very guarded manner, and so as to subject the parishioner to the least possible inconvenience. The words of

the statute are, "It shall be lawful to every party to whom any of the said tithes ought to be paid, or his deputy, or servant, to view and see their said tithes to be justly and truly set forth and severed from the nine parts, and the same quietly to take and carry away." Sir Simon Degge, speaking of this provision, observes, that it is cautiously penned in the *singular number*, that the party himself, his deputy, or servant, may come to see the tithes, *but must not come with a greater number*.* This statute does not extend to Ireland, but it illustrates the principles of the common law on this point, which are the same in both countries.

Upon the whole, then, I do not hesitate to affirm, and I think no lawyer will venture to deny, that under the circumstances stated in Mr. O'Connell's letter, the rector and his aiders and abettors were trespassers. With regard to the criminal consequences of the transaction alluded to by Mr. O'Connell, I consider them as foreign to this branch of the inquiry, and therefore I purposely abstain from giving any opinion upon them.

WILLIAM EAGLE.

Middle Temple, Jan. 25, 1833.

SONNET.

(Imitated from Lord Byron's Sonnet to Geneva.)

Thy cheek is warm and bright, but not the glow
 Of careless mirth upon its down is fraught;
 And yet so lovely, that if pale-brow'd Thought
 Could chill its rose of redness with the snow
 That clothes the lily—still to see it so
 My heart would grieve. Thy dark eye slumbers not
 In the dull pensiveness from languor caught,
 As those who gaze upon its radiance know;
 Far from thine uprais'd look is brightly beaming
 The kindling light of Inspiration's flame,
 And thro' thy raven tresses wildly streaming
 Thy brow and throbbing temples fairly gleam
 Like some blest spirit of the young heart's dreaming:
 I rev'rence more, yet love thee still the same.

J. F. W.

* Degge's Parson's Coun. part. 3. ch. xiv.

“ ANNUAL PARLIAMENTS, UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE, AND
VOTE BY BALLOT.”

EIGHT words of mighty import ! and relating to matters that will, most likely, very soon be subjects of parliamentary discussion. But we propose *not* to set these questions “ at rest ” for ourselves after the modern newspaper fashion ; *not* to settle the law of representation as Mr. Canning did that of paper money ; and our limits prevent us from doing any more now than solicit the attention of the public to what we *shall*, shortly, have to say.

WHAT PROPERTIES A PARLIAMENT MAN SHOULD HAVE.

It appeareth in a parliament roll (Rot. Parl. Anno 3. H. 6. nu. 3.), that the parliament being, as hath been said, called *commune concilium*, every member of the house being a counsellor, should have these properties of the elephant ; *first*, that he hath no gall : *secondly*, that he is inflexible, and cannot bow : *thirdly*, that he is of a most rife and perfect memory : which properties, as there is said, ought to be in every member of the great council of parliament. First, to be without gall, that is without malice, rancour, heat, and envy. *In elephante melancholia transit in nutrimentum corporis*. Every gallish inclination (if any were) should tend to the good of the whole body, the commonwealth. Secondly, that he be constant, inflexible, and not to be bowed, or turned from the right, either for fear, reward, or favour, nor in judgment respect any person. Thirdly, of a rife memory, that they remembering perils past, might prevent dangers to come, as in that roll of parliament appeareth. Whereunto we will add two other properties of the elephant, the one, that though they be *maximæ virtutis, et maximi intellectus*, of greatest strength and understanding, *tamen gregatim semper incedunt*, yet they are sociable, and go in companies : for *animalia gregalia non sunt nociva, sed animalia solivaga sunt nociva*. Sociable creatures that go in flocks or herds are not hurtful, as deer, sheep, &c., but beasts that walk solely, or singularly, as bears, foxes, &c., are dangerous and hurtful. The other, that the elephant is *philanthropos, homini erranti viam ostendit* : and these properties ought every parliament man to have.—Coke, 4. Inst. c. 1.